

The TATLER

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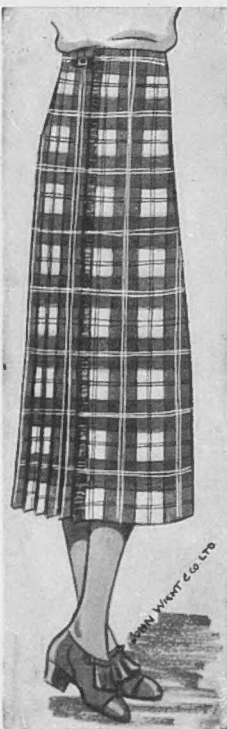


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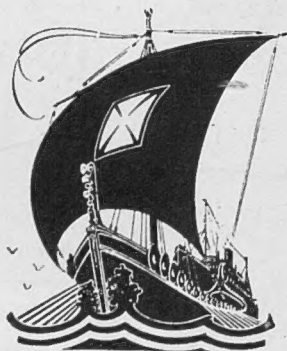
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CUTTING THE CAKE FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret at the "Not Forgotten" Association tea party, given by command of the King and Queen in the Royal Riding School, Buckingham Palace, and attended by Their Majesties. The Queen, who provided the teas, cut the first slice of the iced cakes, and later both the little Princesses had a turn with the knife, which looked a very large weapon in Princess Margaret's small hands. Guests came from a dozen different hospitals to the party, held in former years at Christmas. Miss Marta Cunningham, the organiser, is founder of the "Not Forgotten" Association, which cares for the many ex-Service men still in hospital as the result of war wounds. The help of new subscribers is badly needed to bring more brightness into the lives of these so patient patriots



MARRIED FIFTY YEARS

Lord and Lady Kenmare who, with Lord and Lady Salisbury and Lord and Lady Desborough, were entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Portland last week at a special golden wedding party—complete with golden gifts—which Queen Mary honoured with her presence. Lord Kenmare, owner of a lovely place on Lake Killarney, and a member of the Free State Senate, married the first Lord Revelstoke's daughter. Their son is Lord Castlerosse



TWO NOTABLE ITALIANS

H.E. Signor Achille Starace with Major Conte Bettoni of the Savoia Regiment of Cavalry. Signor Starace holds the highly onerous office of Secretary to the Fascist Party, and he is now considered to be the most important person in Italy after "Il Duce." Major Conte Bettoni has achieved fame in other fields, being one of Italy's most celebrated horsemen. He has often competed at Olympia for the King's Cup and other jumping events

PANORAMA

THERE is no week in all the year quite like Derby week. There is the anticipation, excitement, and speculation; the great day itself with its colour, cheering and thrills, and then an aftermath of congratulation or condolences.

The Derby is so typically an English institution—nearly everyone in the country, whether a regular racegoer or no, takes a keen interest in the historic race. And it is one of those bonds of common interest between all classes which make us a successful and happy democracy.

There is, of course, a Derby Ball—that it is a "Hardy Annual" and grows better and better every year shows how we English like to patronise the familiar and traditional. This year Lady Milbanke, the pretty big-eyed wife of the boxing baronet, joined forces with Mrs. James Field, and succeeded in bringing a record crowd to Grosvenor House. On an evening when the Royal Family were booked up in half a dozen different places it was a triumph to get the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to the Ball. The Duchess of Gloucester—in a white and gold frock—danced with her brother, the Duke of Buccleuch. The Duke also danced—all the Royal Family like dancing, but the best dancers on the male side are the King and the Duke of Kent.

Libby Holman, America's super torch singer, was down for, I think, more numbers than she actually performed.

I was left with the impression (gathered from the behaviour of the audience) that this particular kind of singing is an acquired taste, unless, indeed, you happen to be born with a love for it in your blood.



Swaeb

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

At the Royalty Through the Ages Ball held last week at the Dorchester in aid of the St. Luke's Day Nurseries. Lady Iris, the only child of Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, was seventeen in January

The Duchess of Marlborough, whose home in Palace Green is let to "super party-giver" Mrs. James Corrigan, wore black with pink roses. Mrs. Corrigan came to the Ball with a dinner-party of sixty to eighty people. Mrs. Richard Norton was a guest one does not often see at public functions, and her sister, Lady Brownlow, another. A family group of cousins and sisters was made up by Lady Elizabeth Paget, Lady Isabel Guinness and Lady Ursula Manners.

The same evening Lady Louis Mountbatten gave a small and intimate dinner-party for the King and Queen at Brook House. Her Majesty, who had Countess Spencer in attendance, looked lovely, and a huge crowd gathered outside the Mountbatten's private entrance in Upper Brook Street to cheer the Royal arrival. Other guests were Sir Philip Sassoon, Lord and Lady Plunket, the latter looking remarkably pretty in a blue organdie dress with silvery stripes, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland (the Duchess was in blue and came on to the Derby Ball), and Mrs. Ronnie Greville, a very close friend of all the Royal Family for many years.

Isn't it strange how entertaining has altered; smart parties in pre-war days meant a string band—ten years ago it was a jazz band, and now dinner and film private viewing is the acknowledged entertainment. Lord and Lady Louis had a film in their drawing-room after dinner, special arrangements having been made to "project" against one of the ordinary walls of the room.

In a week of strongly contrasted parties one must not forget the one given by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the

gardens at Lambeth Palace for overseas visitors.

His Grace, in a purple cassock, cape and skull cap of the fashionable shape so much in demand by debutantes, received nearly three thousand visitors, while an attentive chaplain hovered in the background. Lambeth Palace yielded all sorts of unexpected surprises; for example, bound editions of the Coronation services of James I and Edward VII. To see these, guests went through the picturesque Palace Chapel with a high, timber-roofed library, once the dining-hall when the Palace was a Royal residence. Here, too, one saw the famous thousand-years-old MacDurnan Gospels, and a piece of Queen Elizabeth's cake with the recipe by the side. Red-coated schoolboys, all over from Canada, made a splash of colour round the buffet marquee. The day was perfect, but visitors were distrustful. Among orthodox garden-party chiffon



Bassano

THE PAGET TWINS

Miss Celia and Miss Maimaine Paget, daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eric Paget, and nieces of Major and Mrs. Jack Paget, with whom they live at Ibstock Place, Rochampton. These popular twins are doubly Pagets, as their father was related to Lord Anglesey and their mother to the Leicestershire branch

and organdie were tailor-mades, sensible shoes, and even umbrellas. Indian visitors were specially cautious, wearing fur coats over brilliant crimson, gold and silver saris.

The band of the Grenadier Guards played in a natural bandstand of trees, whilst we wandered through the gardens, wondering how those velvety lawns lead-

cous effect from the back, but should make the movement of clicking his heels, bow his head and neck only, keeping his back stiff and look down on the floor and not crane his head upwards.

(Continued overleaf)



Otto Salomon

LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN

The lovely younger daughter of Lord and Lady Bradford, who is so well known with the Leicestershire packs, believes in keeping riding fit in the summer and often goes hacking before breakfast. Incidentally, Lady Anne Bridgeman looks extremely well in Jodhpurs

ing to a country wood could have Lambeth Road on the other side of the ivy-covered walls.

Bishops, turbanned figures from the East, nurses from overseas and Indian girls chattering in American-English, were among the crowds thronging the terrace in front of the Palace.

* * *

As I gazed admiringly at the Duchess of Kent sitting beside Queen Mary at the opening performance of the Russian ballet, I had the strongest impression that I was looking at a picture I had often seen before. Suddenly, I remembered that it was the portrait of Queen Alexandra painted, I think, by Winterhalter in 1863, the year of her marriage, and showing her with a tulle scarf across her shoulders and an off-the-shoulders crinoline dress. With her hair parted in the middle and a cloud of tulle about her neck, the Duchess might easily have been a tableau vivant of her husband's grandmother, save for the long curls which the then Princess of Wales were hanging down her neck.

* * *

As a rule, audiences at charity performances with highly priced seats appear too exhausted financially to extend



Howard Barrett

WITH THE SHERWOOD RANGERS AT BROCKLES

The Sherwood Rangers Notts Yeomanry is still a cavalry unit and was one of the regiments in Lord Allenby's great cavalry operation in Palestine. In the above group are Miss Angela Kayser, M.F.H. (Grove), Major Wilfred Bennett, senior major of the unit, Mrs. D. Le Marchant, whose husband is one of the subalterns, and Mrs. Charles Tonge, whose husband is a former Master of the Belvoir and who is also in the regiment

PANORAMA—continued

Our Indian visitors have been keeping up their reputations for hospitality and splendid entertaining, and if a census could be taken of the most popular and sought-after guests these last weeks, I would not mind betting that Lord and Lady Willingdon would come out on top. They were immensely popular in India, and, while sometimes the wife of a Viceroy finds the responsibilities of the office rather a strain, Lady Willingdon enjoyed her husband's position enormously and was equal to any occasion, however exhausting.

The Princess of Berar, wife of the eldest son of the Nizam of Hyderabad, was one of the loveliest and most interesting guests at the evening "At Home" given by the Maharajah of Kashmir at Grosvenor House. Her emeralds are huge enough to make any English owner of such gems feel that she'd better exchange them for some other form of adornment. At this party I noticed several guests, who have had close connections with India for many years. Among them were Sir John Hewett and Mary Countess of Minto, whose recollections of India are of pre-war days.

Among the Indian guests were the Maharajah of Kuch Behar who, with his younger brother, is over here with his popular mother, and the Rajah and Ranees of Mandi.

Parties vary as widely as those who give them. I looked in to see the pictures which M. Serge Rodzianko was showing in a London basement—Princess Eugenie of Greece had opened his show. Before he tried portraits Rodzianko was a Cornet (equivalent to English Lieutenant) fighting in the Russian trenches, later a champion boxer and tennis player. But the family love for horses got the better of him—*haute école* offered better chances of making money than the ability to play spectacular tennis. Eight years ago he became an artist again.

At another party strawberries and cream-cum-cocktails formed a surprisingly successful alliance. The hostess was Lady Bartlett, who received her guests in the large "party room" below the cosier quarters that she and her husband use when they are alone at 24, Fitzroy Square. Masses of books, many of them first editions, a collection of old wooden platters, a piano and a gramophone with an enormous horn furnish the "party room," whilst upstairs is a vast and beautifully-proportioned walnut desk at which Sir Basil Bartlett has just finished writing a play about Queen Elizabeth. There were two huge black cart-wheel hats moving about at this party, both poised on beautiful young married women, each the mother of a small son, who are great friends and are now staying together in the country with their respective nurses. The transparent lace straw hat belonged to Lady Patricia Latham, and the shiny straw to Mrs. Basil Burton. The young hostess had tiny blue velvet bows in her dark hair, and her mother, Lady Malcolm, was in black patterned in white. Sir Ian Malcolm also came to his daughter's party, and others were clever and vital Miss Fabia Drake, with whom Sir Basil Bartlett acted in that unusual play, *Frolic Wind*, Lady Playfair, Sir Edward Marsh, benign and smiling as ever, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

The owners of what I call country houses in London were much to be envied in the hot spell last week, and two at least of them made good use of their gardens, Lady Forbes and Lady Headfort. Lady Forbes, who, with her prema-

turely grey hair and delicate pink and white complexion, always reminds me of a Dresden shepherdess, gave a luncheon party in Avenue Road when everyone admired the garden she has made herself with the help of one man one day a week, whose day it happened to be.

In the middle of the lawn there is a small sunken pool, over which a stone figure of St. Francis presides with small birds perched on his outstretched arms. The house itself contains a charming white boudoir where Lady Forbes plays a tinkling old spinet, and in the panelled dining-room the high-backed chairs are covered in linen woven and printed near the Queen's Scottish home and appropriately called "Glamis." At this party were Lady Dalhousie, Mrs. Cazenove and Captain Archibald Maule Ramsay, who hurried off afterwards to take a large party of his constituents over the House of Commons and entertain them to tea on the Terrace.

Mrs. Ramsay told me of the difficulties of installing five bathrooms and central heating in the five-foot thick walls of Kellie Castle, Arbroath, where she and her husband and four sons spend as much time as they can spare. Kellie Castle is about twenty miles away from Glenogil, Lord Forbes' place in Forfar. Before they sold the house and grounds Lord and Lady Forbes used to live at the Fishery at Denham, which is now covered by the London Film Productions' studios. The house has now been turned into offices, and the river frontage figures in many films. I do not know if I am giving away a secret in saying that a great many of the scenes in *Elephant Boy* were "shot" in Lady Forbes' old garden, where the comparatively few elephants that took part in the film gave their keepers many strenuous hours in persuading them either in or out of the river, according to what the shooting script of the film required.

I am sure the children to-day are happier than we were 20 or 30 years ago—they have none of the agonising shyness which made us cling desperately to our nurses' skirts, or (as Noel Coward says in one of his plays) be sick over a rich grandmother. Assurance and poise are taught, not only at home, but by the beloved Miss Vacani, who instructs all young society from the age of two not only to dance with delightful spontaneity, but to behave with dignity.

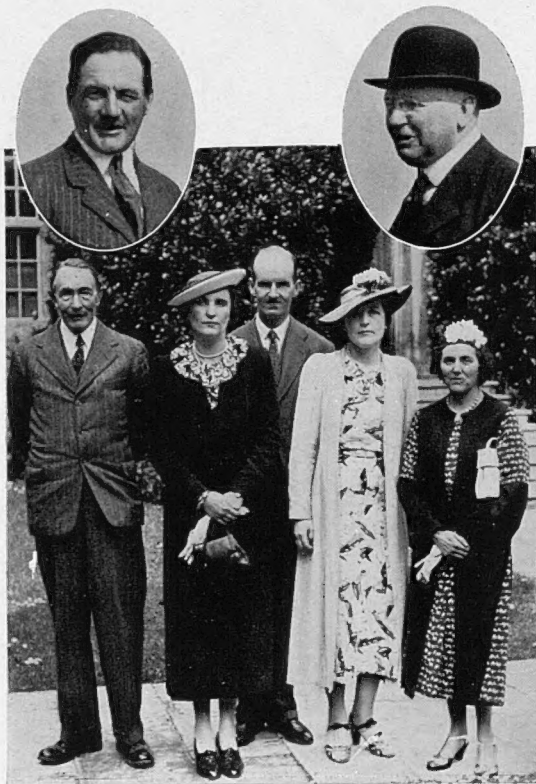
Every year a *matinée* is held at the Hippodrome in aid of a highly admirable cause, the Children's Ward of the South London Hospital for Women, and the charitable world as well as doting mammas and fond papas can see the talent of the rising generation.

This year the Queen has given her patronage to the *matinée*, which should be well up to the very high standard of former years and is being eagerly looked forward to by numerous young performers.

Viscount Stormont will dance a minuet with Lady Hardinge's youngest daughter, while her two elder sisters, Winifred and Elizabeth, are in the Zoo ballet, one disguised as a quite enchanting penguin.

Two of the smallest performers are Countess Wanda Raczyńska and Countess Diane Orłowska, who are only three years old—they will be in the Nursery Rhymes, an annual feature for the "babies," not forgetting the nannies who wait in the wings, sometimes only half concealed in their anxiety!

No statue has yet been erected in Hyde Park to those tireless women who devote their lives to the upbringing of other people's children. There ought to be one, and I shall be among the first to subscribe to it.



THE CASTLE ASHBY HOUSE PARTY (Inset left) LORD NORTHAMPTON AND (Right) SIR ARTHUR DE CAPELL-BROOKE

Lord and Lady Northampton's party at Castle Ashby, Northants, was given specially to entertain Coronation visitors from the Dominions, who have also, incidentally, visited Arundel, at the invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, and Althorp, Lord and Lady Spencer's seat. In the group above are Lord Henley, Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, Lady Northampton, the hostess, and Lady Wake, wife of Sir Hereward Wake, whose house, Courteenhall, is also in Northamptonshire. Sir Arthur de Capell-Brooke, who is inset at the top opposite the host, has his seat near Kettering, Great Oakley Hall

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AND HIS BRIDE

In all its history probably no day has been so momentous for Monts, in Indre et Loire, as last Thursday, June 3, when H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Wallis Warfield at the Chateau de Candé. Flags and flowers were everywhere, the little town thus expressing what Dr. Mercier, the Mayor, put into words after he had performed the civil ceremony—that it was happy in the happiness of the Duke and his Duchess. At the wedding service, taken by the Rev. R. A. Jardine, Vicar of St. Paul's, Darlington, Major E. D. Metcalfe, a former A.D.C. and Equerry to the Duke of Windsor, was H.R.H.'s best man. Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, Mr. A. G. Allen, the Duke's solicitor, and Mr. Winston Churchill's son, Mr. Randolph Churchill, were other wedding guests. The honeymoon is being spent at Schloss Wasserleonburg in Carinthia



MR. A. G. ALLEN



MAJOR E. D. METCALFE



THE MAYOR OF MONTS



ATTRACTIVE GAIL PATRICK

An admirable close-up of a Paramount artist who showed to great advantage in *Her Husband Lies*, which will be generally released in October. Gail Patrick is now working on a new Paramount picture, which is called *Artists and Models*, and has Jack Benny and Ida Lupino in the cast

WHAT is the matter with colour-films when each "last word" that comes along is no more final and only a little more satisfactory than the one that went before? The last three last-words, and the first three full-length colour-films, have been *Becky Sharp*, *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, and *Wings of the Morning*, which is now to be seen at the New Gallery. Of the first I can only recall the passage of a military cape, which was redder than any other red thing in nature, redder even than the sun's aureole during the eclipse, as depicted in the illustrated encyclopædias of one's childhood. Of the second I distinctly remember a yellow-ochre Fred McMurray pursuing a gamboge Sylvia Sidney in backwoods of sage green. In the New Gallery film we are given extensive views of Killarney's lakes and fells, which are probably the nearest thing to nature ever achieved in colour-film. And still there lingers a vague dissatisfaction, and it is the ingenuity rather than the beauty of the result that takes us. Why is this?

There seems to be as yet no convincing explanation, and even the most expert of my colleagues go into a kind of highbrow obscurity the moment they approach the actual æsthetic problem. Here, for example, is the conclusion of an analysis that appeared the other day, and which will probably clear up the matter for readers with minds more receptive than my own:—

"There were hints in Rouben Mamoulian's *Becky Sharp*, two years ago, of an emotional and imaginative use of colour, of colour contributing something to the moving, talking picture that was otherwise unobtainable. But these were only hints, and there has been nothing added or developed in the coloured films that have been produced since then. Colour has been simply an added tit-bit, not a new integral part of a growing art form. Every technical innovation in cinema—sound yesterday, colour to-day, stereoscopy to-morrow—is an approach towards greater realism, and realism piles up æsthetic problems for the film-maker. Limitations breed virtuosity, and as each limitation is conquered by the technician there is a time-lag whilst the creative worker gets the feel

THE CINEMA

Tuppence-ha'penny Coloured

By ALAN DENT

of a new or a modified medium. The time-lag that followed the innovation of sound was filled with films that signified nothing; it is well that the time-lag after the first coming of colour should be a period in which the old order remains vigorous."

But surely this merely states the problem brilliantly without going a jot nearer towards solving it? The coloured photograph remains only a scientific approximation to reality, and the old black-and-white or sepia-and-white continue to seem a far more fluid medium for cinematic narration.

The last two words draw me up with a sharp reminder that it is very easy for oneself to lapse into the sweet jargoning of the younger intellectuals—which the heavens forbid! Let me therefore plainly set down some of the facts of the present situation, and conclude with some hints as to the events of the present film, leaving the reader to deduce and resolve the colour-film problem which nobody as yet seems to have done, and which I am now exceedingly sorry to have raised in the first place! Mr. Sam Goldwyn has just been telling the world that he is going to make all his future films in colour. Technicolor laboratories have been opened near London, and we hear of projects in colour like a shooting of *The Beggar's Opera* and a production of Mr. John Gielgud in his *Richard of Bordeaux*. But this does not by any means prove that an instantaneous colour-revolution like that of the sound-revolution of ten years ago is at hand. Colour has been toyed with for many years, and even with the quasi-perfection now attained it does not look like becoming a necessary or even a desirable adjunct of every film. Who, for example, wants the blood in our gangster stories to be any redder than it is? Who is eager for the precise tint of Shirley Temple's locks? And who that is above nit-wittery can crave to see how tanned is Clark Gable or how blue are the eyes of Garbo, if blue they are? It seems true that films like *Rembrandt* would benefit from colour.

But it cannot be seen wherein the more popular and more plentiful films, the *Thin Men* and the *Mr. Deeds*es, are going to benefit in the slightest by being coloured. And it is quite certain that anything relying wholly on witty or amusing talk had far better remain penny-plain. There is the additional and most important factor that the colour-film is very expensive to produce, and may even cost more than twice as much as the uncoloured.

The entire New Gallery programme, to my way of thinking, would have been vastly improved if the coloured portion of it had been in black-and-white and the black-and-white in colour. For example, *all* Coronation films ought to have been in colour, since colour, if not the whole essence, is at least half the essence of pageantry. Yet only one or two cinemas at most seem to be exhibiting the chromatic version of the great event. Again I would say that news-reels would benefit by being in colour, though they never are. By the way, the announcer in the present Coronation film works himself into the fervour of saying of Hyde Park that its "limitless fields and leafy beauties were shattered by the mighty echoes of roaring cheers." This seems to me to be going a little far even for a Coronation.

The major film gives us the real Killarney, which is exceedingly green, and has also glimpses of John McCormack, who looks very bilious, and Steve Donoghue, who looks very pink. These things should perhaps remain in colour, since the tints in the first and third cases are pretty, and since the great singer's present choice of songs is so liverish that his Technicolor hue becomes them well. The scenery and the two celebrities are the trimmings of a fantastic and unseizable tale that jumps between 1890 and to-day, from Spain to Ireland, and from gipsydom (enacted by Irene Vanbrugh and Mlle. Annabella, both highly coloured) to the belted-earldom of a livid Leslie Banks with a prawn-pink Helen Haye for consort. There is also a glimpse of the Derby. But most of the time is taken up with Henry Fonda, with bright blue eyes and silver-grey flannels, who gallops about the fields and sleeps on golden hay in a barn with Annabella, flannelled likewise, until to his horror he discovers that she is not a boy after all. Well, I don't know!

A REALLY ROYAL EPSOM



THE ROYAL PARTY WALKING ACROSS THE COURSE

Left to right in the above excellent snapshot taken at Epsom on Derby Day are H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, H.M. the King, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Earl of Harewood, H.R.H. the Princess Royal and H.R.H. the Duke of Kent

LADY SIBELL LYGON, MRS. ABEL SMITH
AND CAPTAIN ROLLO

MISS DIANA BETHELL

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND
LADY DURHAM

It is customary to call the day upon which the Oaks is run "Ladies' Day," but this year, for the first time in its history, the Derby was turned into Ladies' Day, for the fair sex ran clean away with it. Mrs. G. B. Miller's Midday Sun won a fine contest, exceptionally well-ridden by Michael Beary, who had never ridden a Derby winner before, and Mrs. F. Nagle owned the runner-up, Sandsprite. Their Majesties, Queen Mary and the Royal household party saw one of the best battles ever fought out over the historic course, and even though the winner had the race in quite safe keeping at the finish, it was no certainty that he would find an opening to get through his field till quite close home. Of the other pictures on this page, Lady Sibell Lygon, who is with Mrs. Abel Smith and Captain W. Rollo, is one of Lord Beauchamp's daughters, Miss Diana Bethell, the Hon. Mrs. James Beck's daughter, who greatly resembles her attractive mother, is seen in a very becoming hat and veil. Lady Durham, who is with the Duke of Northumberland, is the only daughter of Sir George and Lady Bullough. The Duke is Joint-Master with his mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, of the family pack—the Percy



THE ROYAL BOX WHILST THE DERBY WAS BEING RUN

This year's Derby was remarkable in more ways than one: it was the first in the new reign and the first in the whole history of the race to be won by a lady owner. It will probably rank as the only one in history when the winner and runner-up were both owned by ladies: Mrs. G. B. Miller (Mid-day Sun) and Mrs. F. Nagle (Sandsprite). The key to this picture of the Royal Party is, left to right: H.R.H. the Princess Royal, H.M. Queen Mary, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught

WELL, there's another Derby gone by, and I can't even claim the distinction of being the only ink-spiller who never even mentioned or considered any of the first three. Our best congratulations to Mrs. Miller on being, I believe, the first lady owner of a Derby winner, to Michael on riding a great race, and to Fred Butters who trained him so admirably. Nevertheless, the result is rather staggering. For instance, through Sandsprite Lawson would have won with Sunbather and Cinque Cento would have been closer up than Perifox, while Le Bambino and Fairford should have been right on top of the winner. The whole thing boils down, to my mind, to complete mediocrity. If you ran the race over again four times you would get four different results, rather in the same way that if you ran a dozen 1937 Morris Cowleys against each other there could be no betting on it, and they'd always finish in a different order. I do not consider there were any makers of turf history in the field, and they certainly looked anything but a classic lot. The winner is by Solario, who, except for siring Orpen and Dastur in a long innings, has been a disappointing horse. Whether it was that there was a smaller crowd than usual or that the traffic arrangements were more faultless, but there didn't seem to be half the usual traffic jams and crush there used to be, and the paddock before the Derby was comparatively empty. The removal of the gypsies made it easier to keep one's temper going to and from one's car, but I do think these nomads should have been warned of their fate very much earlier. What on earth will they do with all those money-spinning, pathetic-looking six-month-old babies they always produced off the ice for Epsom in the same way that strawberries are produced for Ascot. Every second man not actually in the stand used to make the day hideous, playing bagpipes, fiddles or other unmusical instruments for alms. Their number is enormously reduced, and what has happened to that menace who, ever since I can remember, has put his head into your car and blown a piercing bird call? I hope that someone temporarily decontrolled after a bad day has sandbagged him and put him in quicklime, but I shan't be happy about it till I see Ascot without him outside the tents. Inside the enclosure

everything was very much unchanged. The same old gentlemen who only now race one day in the year were there, their coats, that saw Flying Fox, a thought greener than last time.

Keeping towards the unsaddling enclosure at the farther end from the ring were the same gentlemen with enough against them on the slate to pay the N.D.C. twice over taking discreet advantage of the Derby day truce which unofficially exists. In the bars were the same gentlemen who, presumably for the sake of the drive there and back, prefer to drink at Epsom to the monotony of doing so in their own homes, and on the rails were the same perishers we fruitlessly endeavour to make contribute to our running expenses. It was in the unsaddling enclosure that I met an old friend, venerable to a degree, on whose character an entirely new light was thrown by a story of his past told me by his own brother. My friend, who nowadays when he has a pound on a horse is all of a tremble and with two pounds on comes out in a black sweat like a horse full of dope, was apparently only brought to this state by a veritable act of God. In the unregenerate days when "monkeys" to him were only counters (and counters almost unprocurable) he decided to sharpen up an S.P. bookmaker who had pestered him to bet with him. Ringing up a quarter of an hour before the "off," he invested (euphemistic word) his "monkey" each way, but only in course of a conversation about gout, to which he and the layer were both martyrs, on a dyed-in-the-wool, jewelled-in-every-hole certainty of his own. Keeping his fellow sufferer in conversation till three minutes before the off, he eventually rang off to allow the poor dupe to hedge his money on the telephone. My friend's first name is, however, "Thorough," and as his conversation finished an accomplice on the layer's roof cut the telephone wire. Such praiseworthy forethought deserved a better result. Spun round at the gate and half knocked over in the race, the breadwinner was beaten a short head for third place. "You can't eliminate luck," said he, as he invested a Bradbury on an odds-on chance to get himself the price of a drink. The rest of the racing at Epsom was not very instructive, but the pace



MISS SYLVIA LLOYD THOMAS AND THE HON. W. W. ASTOR

Two of the huge crowd who saw one of the sunniest and happiest Derbies in the whole history of the race. The Hon. W. W. Astor was one of the family who had a leading interest in Cash Book. Lord Astor's Derby ill-luck continues to dog him as the colt was beaten quite decisively



MAJOR-GENERAL THE NAWAB KHUSRU JUNG
AND THE MAHARANI OF KUCH BEHAR

WATCHING THE GREAT POLO AT ROEHAMPTON



MR. AND MRS. "LADDIE" SANFORD
BETWEEN MATCHES



LORD AND LADY CRANLEY
ARRIVING ON THE SCENE



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE



MRS. MUMTAZ AND THE
NAWAB OF PATAUDI



LADY MARY FITZROY AND MR. HUGH BRASSEY

After a period of perverse behaviour the weather has at last decided to let polo go forward: the grass is green and dry: the first summer month that brings the rose is redolent with all the perfumes of Araby the Blest, and all is well. All the pictures in this page were taken at Roehampton on the day of the two semi-finals, when The Jaguars beat Bhopal and the Four Winds beat Goulburn, and in neither case were the results quite anticipated. It was real good hard and fast polo in both matches. The Maharani of Kuch Behar married into a family every mother's son of which was keen on the game of which the Great Moghul was so fond. Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, who is with his wife, was 'The Jaguars' No. 2 and is the owner of the famous Hurricanes. Lord Crawley, Lord Onslow's son, who is with his wife, is in the Life Guards, who seem to have a promising team this season: the Duke of Roxburghe was playing for The Jaguars' Junior side which won its tie in the Ranelagh Colts Cup; the Nawab of Pataudi, the bat-and-ball-game specialist, was watching the Jaguars-Bhopal match with Mrs. Mumtaz, his countrywoman, so were Lady Mary Fitzroy and Mr. Hugh Brassey

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Remarkable Novel.

NOT so utterly dreadful as the war years, but painfully nauseating all the same, were the ten years which came after. All nobility had vanished. A frightful reaction had set in. The human "scum," which had either lain low, veneered itself, or made money during the tragic period, then came to the top—fresh as a dirty daisy, pushful, vulgar and immoral. All the rest—those who had suffered and sacrificed themselves and endured—were too often left spiritually high and dry; their old beliefs shattered, their ideals foundering in the new reality. A terrible restlessness had set in, born half of utter fatigue, half of bitter disillusion. It was an unhappy and an ugly period, which, unlike the war years, left a bitter taste in the mouth. The world is readjusting itself now, beginning to rebuild. The grim cloud which had seemed to envelop human destiny is just beginning to lift. Would, perhaps, lift completely, were it not for the fact that too many nations have apparently learnt no lesson from the four years of tragic conflict and are beginning to talk valiantly of war again!

Consequently, other nations, still suffering in memory from the indescribable pain and sorrow and loss of those four terrible years, have perforce to arm themselves anew in order that it shall never happen again—or at least, not gaily! Not gaily—as the weak are set upon by the strong in this world, if the strong be ambitious, or self-seeking, or greedy; or if some great national figure has to divert by war the reality of his own failure in the eyes of those who once listened hopefully to his dictates and have found them at last only too often unhappy in performance. No wonder there is a Great Fear abroad! Dreadful in itself; nevertheless, perhaps, more spiritually strengthening than those ten years of post-war reaction, when everything seemed to have been lost for no good purpose, and mankind appeared to have nothing to hold on to which was not a mere palliative against anarchy born of hopelessness and disillusion.

It is, however, in this unhappy period that Erich Maria Remarque, who wrote "All Quiet on the Western Front," has laid his remarkable novel, "Three Comrades" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). The three comrades in question are three ex-soldiers who, at the end of the war, were too old to begin life again, too mentally and spiritually weary to fit at once into the get-on-or-go-under of the business world—that business world which had now no use for them. They were too old to train and too psychologically emancipated to take orders from a society which too often remembered in theory while it forgot in practice. As heroes they had lost their haloes with the Armistice. Of the three men, it is Robert who tells the story. Of the other two, Gottfried had been a medical student and Otto had once been their company-commander. Soon after the story opens, the three men are making some kind of a livelihood by running a garage. Mostly, however, their work consists in doctoring old cars, repainting them, and sometimes selling them at a profit. They keep a taxi for hire. They labour without much hope. At the end of their day they gamble in a local café and they drink. That seems all which now remains for them in life. All ambition has been killed long ago. Marriage is out of the question: they are too poor.

In a world so busy rebuilding its own devastated nests, they can make no friends except among prostitutes and those whose lives seem to have come to a dead-end

like their own.

It is a life, however, which has its adventures, its comic interludes, and it is saved from being a rather sordid beating-of-time-until-death by the deep devotion the three men have for one another. Then Robert meets an unfortunate girl and falls in love with her. Henceforward, life for him, at least, seems to have a finer meaning. She returns his love. Happily, instead of love being the means whereby the comradeship of the three men is disturbed, it becomes more finely concentrated. The other

two must help him by all the means in their power. It isn't much they can do, because nothing seemed to go right in Germany at that time and they can hardly make a bare living for themselves. Moreover, the girl is also one of the war's victims. Ill through under-nourishment, she develops consumption. She must be sent away. Somewhere where

at least her life may be prolonged. But how? Each of the three comrades sells his dearest possession. Otto, that crazy, patched-up old car which yet can race the finest of the new models, given a straight road. And Gottfried? Alas! Gottfried is shot dead by a young brute who was not old enough to have fought in the war, but is now old enough to kill a brother German for the sake of "politics."

All the same, tragic as the story may be, it is never depressing. The love-affair of Robert and the consumptive girl is one of the most touching and beautiful I have ever read. Also, the friendship between the three comrades is friendship in its finest and truest sense. These are two lovely aspects of a novel which holds your deepest attention all the way through; moves you to laughter and to tears at different times, and is invariably interesting simply because Remarque is a sentimental realist. Although, with the exception of the three comrades, the other characters may make no bid for the reader's admiration, they are convincingly drawn; they are "sympathetic" because you can understand them, good, bad, or indifferent as they may be. "Three Comrades" is a long story, but it moves so quickly that you do not realise its length. And it absorbs you from beginning to end.

(Continued on page 474)



SIR HUGH WALPOLE AT THE "HE WAS BORN GAY" PREMIÈRE

Sir Hugh Walpole was celebrating the Coronation knighthood bestowed upon him for his services to literature. Mr. John Gielgud plays the part of the Dauphin in Mr. Emyln Williams' new play, which was produced recently at the Queen's Theatre and has now come off



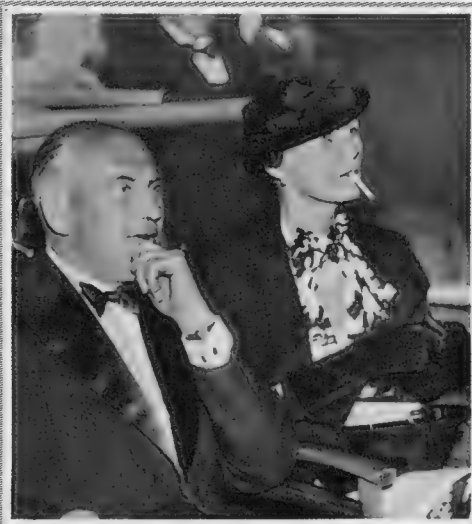
MR. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, A TRAVELLER AUTHOR

Mr. Christopher Sykes' latest book, "Stranger Wonders," like his previous one, "A Life of Wassmuss"—the German Lawrence—has to do with travel, of which the author has done a good deal. It is in the form of short stories, and the sub-title is "Tales of Travel," with a central character, the Englishman Abroad, the somewhat typical *fou Anglais*. Last year Mr. Sykes, who is a brother of Sir Richard Sykes, married Camilla, daughter of Russell Pasha, Major-General Thomas Wentworth Russell

HARRINGAY BOXING AND THE CALEDONIAN BALL



LT.-COLONEL HORACE WEBBER AND
JACK PETERSEN



LORD AND LADY CARLISLE
AT HARRINGAY



TOMMY FARR WATCHES
MAX BAER



AT THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
AND THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR



CALEDONIANS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: MISS JEAN ROBERTSON,
LORD SEMPILL AND THE DUKE OF ATHOLL



LADY DUNEDIN AND SIR COLIN
MACRAE

Some pictures of two recent events: at the top are some of the people who saw Max Baer beat plucky Ben Foord and below some of the people who were at the Caledonian Ball—that annual function which shows so clearly who can wear a kilt and who cannot. Colonel Webber, under “Critch,” is the pivot around whom everything at the White City revolves: Jack Petersen is inscribing his autograph in the Colonel’s collection. Lady Carlisle is Lord Ruthven’s eldest daughter; she is an enthusiastic follower of the boxing game. Tommy Farr is our English heavy-weight champion, and was present with a friend to see Baer’s performance. At the Caledonian Ball the Duchess of Devonshire was chatting with His Excellency Shigeru Yoshida when the camera found her. Lord Sempill knows more about flying and aeroplanes than most experts have forgotten: the Duke of Atholl, who is seen with him, learnt his soldiering at a time long before the air weapon came into use—he saw service in the Nile campaign of 1898 as well as in every major war since then. Lady Dunedin, who acted as Director of Scottish Savings from 1916-1923, is an Aberdonian by birth; Lady Massereene is a daughter of Sir John Ainsworth, of Ardnaiscig, Argyllshire



LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD
WITH LORD CARNEGIE

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Clever Novel—Which Disappoints.

ALL the time I was reading Mary Mitchell's novel, "Decline and Fall of a British Matron" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), I felt I ought to be much more amused than ever I was. The theme is as thin as a thread, but the decorations are amusing—or just fall short of being very funny. The main trouble is, I believe, all the characters are a little too out-size to be humanly credible. Tom Carruthers is only madly in love with Venetia when he is with her. Away from her, he recognises her for the fool she is. Nevertheless, so strong is his physical passion for her that he proposes marriage and is accepted. Or rather, Venetia's mother, Mrs. Bascombe (the British Matron of the title), accepts for her, or, shall we say, forces her acceptance. For Venetia, besides being very, very beautiful, is under her mother's thumb completely. Mrs. Bascombe is a rich widow who lives with her brother, the Bishop of Podbury. Which, in her case, is to say that she graciously allows the Bishop and Podbury to live around her. So what with her mother and the palace and Podbury, Venetia never knows her own mind until she has been told what it is.

Consequently, when Tom begins pawing her about in the he-man manner, she feels that his enthusiasm absolutely upsets all Podbury's and her mother's preconceived notion of what should be the by-play of courtship in a Bishop's palace. Disgusted by her coldness, he breaks off the engagement. Then they meet again and his old ardour returns. The engagement is patched up. But by this time Venetia has come to the conclusion that if anyone would be more uncomfortable to live with than her mother, it would be her fiancé. At that conclusion she, in her turn, terminates the engagement. Which action makes Tom blind to the fact that he has escaped from marrying a fool, only seeing how utterly more desirable she is than ever—when he can't have her. The result is that he assaults her in a way which is midway between kisses and blows. The end is that Venetia runs away, and the next time we meet her she is living abroad with an artist who wants to paint her in the nude, and his wife, who wants to strip her of everything else. So when next her mother and Tom see her, they are both gazing at a poster for milk showing Venetia exhibiting far more to the world than a Bishop's niece should ever show, except to the bath-sponge!

The end of their search discovers her, however, to be happily and stodgeily married to a rich foreigner. And at the meeting between mother and daughter, the former's decline and fall suddenly take one swoop downwards when she realises that "every hour she had spent at the villa had made plainer the terrible truth which she had seen in Venetia's eyes in those first moments together. She had learnt then why Venetia had kept quiet about her marriage. It was not because she was ashamed of it, or of her boastful mountebank of a husband, but because her idea of happiness was never to see her mother again!" As for Tom, he thanks God that he is clear of both mother and daughter; leaving him "not a fool and, above all else, an orphan." If only, however, Mrs. Bascombe, Venetia, and Tom had seemed to be less caricatures of puppets and more caricatures of three human beings, the story would have been

more entertaining than it is. It is mildly amusing, however, and the picture of cathedral society is gaily funny; but one is too conscious of the creator pulling the strings to make me, at least, want to laugh out loud very often.

Sussex and London.

I thought the last word had been written about Sussex; the last picture painted; the final recommendation made and accepted. But I was wrong. Or maybe I am right henceforward, because I cannot conceive any book written about Sussex being more comprehensive than "Sussex: The Garden by the Sea" (10s. 6d.), by Mr. Arthur Mee, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have added to their wonderful King's England series of guide-books. Not, however, that I should, personally, have called Sussex "the Garden by the Sea," because, alas! to-day in Sussex the nearer you get to the sea, the less anything looks in the least bit like a garden—unless it be the dumping-ground corner.

For all practical purposes, the coast from Hastings to Portsmouth is one long building operation without planning. Nevertheless, if you avoid the coast-line and the main London roads, Sussex still offers peace and beauty and great charm. And even in its most "ruined" areas it still breathes history and long human association.

Every aspect of this still most delectable county is dwelt on in Mr. Mee's amazing guide-book. Which, however, is so much more than a guide-book, as most people understand the term. The old romances of county history are told. The famous old "characters" live again. It lends such additional charm to any place to be able to connect it with some human story as you poke about here and there, admiring what you see or conjuring up in imagination what is now no more. Incidentally, the only proper way to poke about anywhere. The book also abounds in excellent photographs, and will probably be not only the "last word" on Sussex, but a standard work for all those who live in or wish to explore this still most lovely English county.

And surely the same remark should apply to Messrs. Dent's new "Encyclopædia of London" (7s. 6d.), edited by Mr. William Kent. Here is another volume of remarkable comprehensive interest and value—value for money being not the least of its recommendations! Let me quote its contents: "784 encyclopædic pages of London lore; 16 pages of half-tone illustrations; 20-page Index of principal refer-

ences, and 550,000 words." Which last, of course, could mean nothing at all, but in this case means nearly 800 pages of concise information such as you might have to wade through a dozen books to obtain. Surely, indeed, there is nothing which the ordinary man might want to know about London which is not to be found in this remarkable publication.

Neither Mr. Mee's nor Mr. Kent's Encyclopædia is, however, of the size to go into pockets, but, as two books of information, as two books to be read and studied at leisure, they will surely prove of unique value and interest for those who want to know all about Sussex and London life, their history, their remarkable variety and their potent, indefinable charm. The research which has gone to the making of both books must have been stupendous, especially in the case of London, but the result will surely be two of the most popular books ever written around subjects of undying interest, both to Englishmen and others.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF BERAR AND THEIR SON, PRINCE MUKKARAM JAH

The Prince of Berar is the son and heir of H.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad, who is at once the most powerful and one of the most enlightened of the Ruling Princes in India, and his charming consort is a daughter of the ex-Caliph of Turkey. Their little son, though only three years old, is already a fluent linguist in two other languages besides his own, and he also shows much promise as a rider

WINDSOR RACES



SIR BROGRAVE BEAUCHAMP, M.P.,
AND LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP



MISS G. FITZGERALD, MRS. SIDNEY
WILKINSON AND LADY COOKE



WING-COMMANDER SIR LOUIS
AND LADY GREIG



LORD LOVAT, SCOTS GUARDS, MRS. RUPERT BYASS
AND MR. CLIVE GRAHAM FORMED A CHEERFUL TRIO

Sir Geoffrey Byass' sister-in-law, the former Miss Celia Palmer, likes horses quite a lot and she looked them over carefully before every event at Windsor. Lord Lovat succeeded as 15th Baron in 1933. See right for Lord Belper's eldest son, a very able G.R., who is in the Coldstream. Lady Maureen Stanley's husband, the Hon. Oliver Stanley, has succeeded Mr. Runciman (now a Peer) as President of the Board of Trade. The Master of Gray is Lady Gray's trainer-son

Good going, delightful weather and quite a number of well-knowns favoured the Windsor meeting. Lord Carnarvon's sister and her husband, the Member for East Walthamstow, took things rather quietly, and so did two owners' wives, Lady Cooke and Mrs. Sidney Wilkinson. Wing-Commander Sir Louis and Lady Greig, on the other hand, were full of energy. Sir Louis, who used to play Rugby football for Scotland, was Comptroller to the present King 1920-23, and a Surgeon-Lieut.-Commander in the Navy before joining the R.A.F.; he is deputy ranger of Richmond Park



THE HON. RONALD STRUTT WITH
LADY MAUREEN STANLEY



MRS. RALSTON AND THE MASTER
OF GRAY TALKING HORSES

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

ANOTHER Amateur Championship has come and gone, and for once, instead of being only too happy to escape the tumult and the shouting, I find myself regretting that it is all over. Last week I was recording on this page the fears that if it rained much more we might all have to take to the boats at Royal St. Georges. From that day until the moment of writing, we had but one small, sharp shower that lasted for ten minutes, and day by day throughout the Championship the course improved. Watching golf at Sandwich compares favourably with watching it anywhere else in the world. The crowd, even for a final, rarely runs into more than a thousand, and of these at least 950 know what it's all about. There are no beer-tents—and no shouting.

No one who watched Robert Sweeny in action could deny that a fine golfer is now Amateur Champion of Great Britain. Sweeny is a true stylist—a player, that is, whose class could not fail to impress itself upon an observer who was not conversant with golf and golfers. Tall and massive, he moves the club in a big, sweeping arc and develops a tremendous power, for the simple reason that it comes naturally to him. In other words, he gets as far as a slogger without slogging.

His putting, though it could never be classed as anything less than adequate, does not quite attain the quality of his long game—largely, I think, because he has such a pronounced angle between his forearms and the shaft of the club. Nearly all great putters (Bobby Jones being, so far as I know, the only exception) have the forearms and the club in the same plane: that is to say, to anyone standing at the hole-side, they would appear to be in one straight line. Whether the elbows are bent or the arms straight does not, of course, affect the matter.

Lionel Munn represents the exact opposite. If one could have put him on the end of Sweeny's first two shots at each hole, they would, between them, have gone round in about 65. For twenty-three holes he withstood Sweeny's determined onslaught, but then at last even he was compelled to show the truth of the maxim that "You can't chip and putt for ever." As Munn began to take three from the edge of the greens, Sweeny forged ahead and won with a grand putt for a 2 on the thirty-fourth hole—a fine finish to what everyone agreed to be one of the most agreeable matches they had ever witnessed.

Great things had been prophesied for the South African, Locke, but he was beaten fairly and squarely by Gordon Peters, who, I thought, was going to win the Championship. I may be wrong, but something tells me that Locke, at the mature age of twenty, is



MR. JAMES MAXTON AND CHARLIE STOWE
AT THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

Mr. Maxton went to see Gordon Peters, of Glasgow, his home town, win at Sandwich, but Charlie Stowe, the Midlands artisan, beat him and went into the semi-final. Mr. Maxton is seen congratulating him. R. Sweeny ended up Amateur Champion for 1937, beating L. O. M. Munn by 3 and 2

beginning to realise that life holds more than the game of golf—and once a "world-beater" does that he is, of course, undone. He returns to the ranks of the merely first-class golfers. Peters, it proved, was to disappoint shortly afterwards, when he was beaten up hill and down dale by Charles Stowe. Here were two players between whom none would prophesy the result, yet at the end of eight holes one was 6 up on the other and only failed to be 7 up through the influence of a dead stymie. Peters, it is true, came back at him towards the end, but Stowe showed that he would have no nonsense when he holed a long one on the fourteenth.

Then again, one round later, Sweeny dealt out to Stowe the same sort of treatment that Stowe had handed to Peters, and he, too, was 6 down before he knew what was happening. Scores of 32 for the first nine holes were comparatively common, and in the first round there seemed to be a great many people who had been beaten by other people who had "gone out in 31"—but then, my colleague, C. B. Macfarlane, had a historic 31 many, many years ago. Sooner or later the day must come when someone does that first half in 28 or 29.

The American contingent was small this year, but as the end approached they became more and more dangerous. The merits of R. H. Chapman and J. Levinson were soon recognised, but in the final stages it was an "unknown," Wilford Wehrle, who proved to be the most formidable. He was second amateur in the last American Open, and headed the qualifying rounds for the Amateur in the Chicago district.

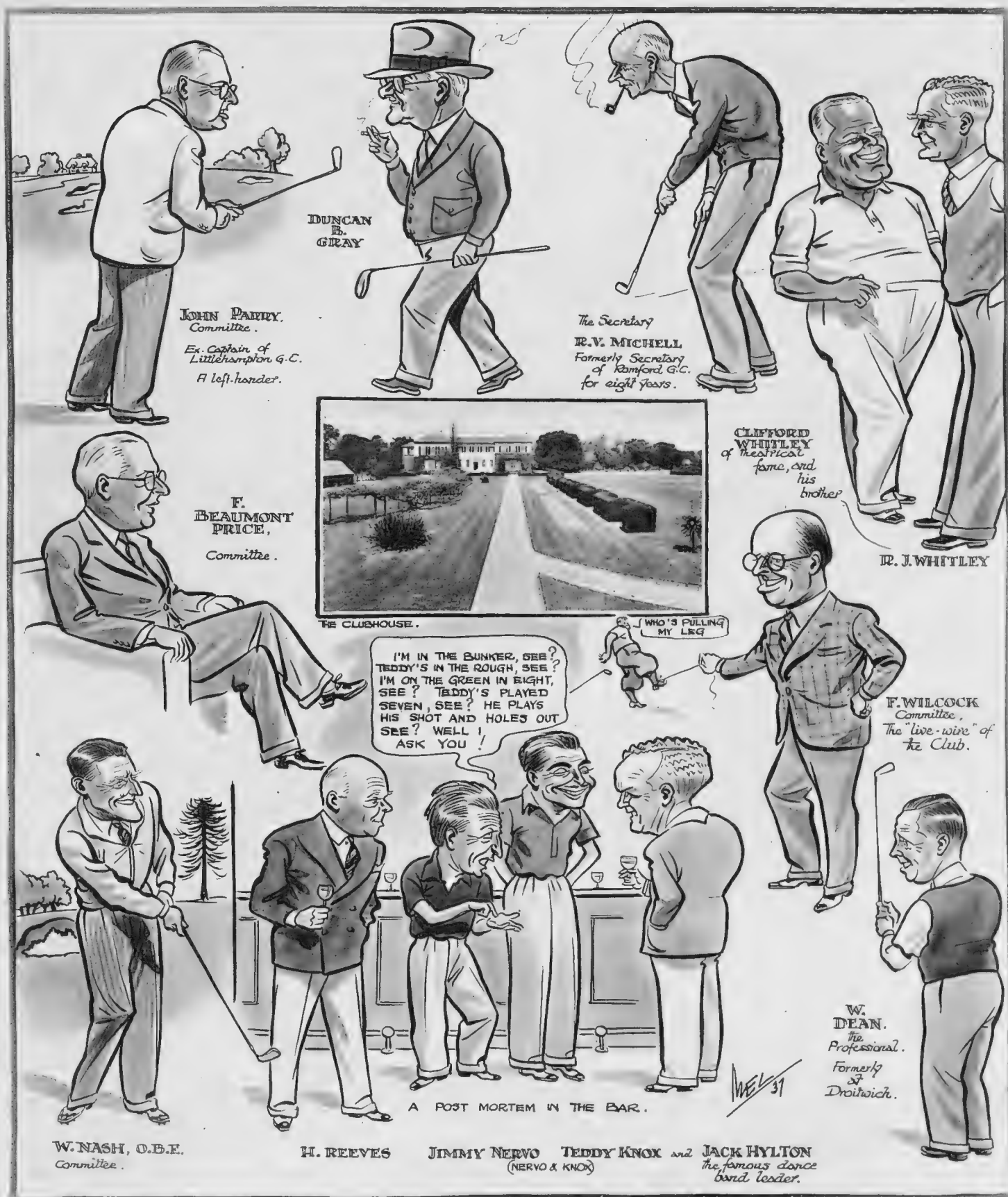
Another man who deserves a special mention is Frank Pennink, who in the very recent past had won the English Championship. We have heard more than enough of the strain of these feats, but in this case I think it is fair to suggest that the double strain may just have turned the scale against him at Sandwich.



WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL GOLF AT PULBOROUGH

Above are four of the competitors in the France v. Great Britain match at Pulborough: Mme. Lacoste, Mlle. F. Tillon, Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. A. M. Holm. Great Britain won very easily by 6 matches to 2, thus preserving an unbeaten record, as the nearest France has ever approached to victory was a dead-heat at Chantilly three years ago. The weather was quite first-class at Pulborough

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



GORING HALL GOLF CLUB, ANGMERING, SUSSEX—BY "MEL"

Angmering is one of those pleasant places along the Sussex Coast and lies a few miles to the west of Worthing. The Goring Hall course is laid out on the Ham Manor Estate and is a park course, although within a mile of the Channel shore. There are some testing holes and there is a stream to lay watery traps for the unwary. The President of the Club is the Duke of Norfolk, who recently earned so much commendation for his Coronation organisation. The Captain, Mr. Gerald Fairlie, was unfortunately away at the time of "Mel's" visit and so is not in the gallery collected on this page by our caricaturist

MORE PICTURES FROM EPSOM: SOME WHO WERE THERE ON THE FIRST DAY



MR. AND THE HON.
MRS. JAMES BAIRD



THE HON. BRIAN O'NEILL AND THE
HON. PENELOPE MILLS



MISS DAWN GORDON AND THE
HON. LELGARDE PHILIPPS



MR. TEDDY LAMBTON AND
MISS DIANA CLARKE



MISS JOYCE KINGSCOTE AND CAPTAIN
JOHN PLAYER



LADY JEAN DUNDAS, MISS DIANA CLARKE
AND MR. EDWARD UNDERDOWN

Epsom's first day was run in King's weather. The long-distance race of the day, the Rosebery Memorial Plate (2½ miles), was won by Lady Nuttall's Jack Tar, both the owner and her husband, Sir Keith Nuttall, being very well known in the hunting world, and, as may be observed, there were not a few other fox-chasers there to see the horse win. Mr. James Baird, for instance, who is seen with his tall wife, a sister of Lord Harcourt, was a famous Master of the Cottesmore; the Hon. Penelope Mills is one of the daughters of the Master of the Grafton and Lady Hillingdon. Miss Joyce Kingscote is the daughter of Captain Maurice Kingscote, the Meynell's new Joint-Master, and Captain John Player is a very familiar figure with the Leicestershire packs, and also in point-to-points. Of the others the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, who is with Miss Dawn Gordon, is Lord and Lady St. David's daughter, and Lady Jean Dundas is one of Lord and Lady Zetland's and a niece of Lord George Dundas, who trains at Newmarket.



Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

MISS GEORGINA WERNHER

Lady Zia Wernher is giving a débutante dance for her most attractive elder daughter on June 30th at Someries House, Sir Harold Wernher's town house in Regent's Park, and after which he called his polo team which is again on the field this year—and very strongly manned at that. The son and heir of the house is George Michael Alexander, who is one year older than the lady in the above picture and was born in 1918. There is a younger daughter, Myra, who was born in 1925.

AT THE IRISH ONE THOUSAND



OWNER AND TRAINER: THE DUKE OF
ST. ALBANS AND OLIVER SLOCOCK



MISS PATRICIA KENNEDY, RACING REGULAR,
AND MR. J. H. B. BATTEN, ROYAL FUSILIERS



MRS. OTWAY GRAHAM-TOLER
AND HER NEPHEW, C. CHUTE



LADY NELSON, MR. BOB WORMALD, MISS MOLLY MORROUGH-RYAN
AND SIR JAMES NELSON

Sir James Nelson was another owner whose colours were on view at the Irish One Thousand meeting, but he did not have an entry in the big race. Sir James and his wife are both pillars of the Irish Turf, and Lady Nelson is also one of Ireland's leading feminine flyers. Dunboyne Castle, County Meath, is Miss Molly Morrough-Ryan's address, and she hunts with the Green Isle's premier pack. See right for the Duke of Leinster's heir, Lord Kildare, now Joint-Master of the North Kilkenny. Lady Kildare is the former Miss Joane McMorrough Kavanagh

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

The Irish One Thousand Guineas, run at the Curragh nearly a fortnight after the first of their Classics, saw the odds-on favourite, Sol Speranza, win by a head from Wick Bridge, with Chloris filling third place. Sol Speranza, by Ballyferis—Sunbridge, is owned by a well-known Dublin sportsman, Mr. Dan Sullivan. The Duke of St. Albans had a two-year-old, Tonbawn, going in the next race; he trains with Oliver Slocock at the Curragh. Miss Patricia Kennedy, as becomes a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, attends most race meetings within her reach. Mr. J. H. B. Batten's stepfather, Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnstone, used to be Master of the Westmeath, which is Mrs. Graham-Toler's country



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE



LORD
AND
LADY
CRAW-
SHAW
AND
THEIR
CHILDREN

ON LEFT:
WHAT DADDY
WORE AT THE
CORONATION

BELOW:
TWO OF THE
NURSERY'S
BEST FRIENDS

Lord and Lady Crawshaw live at Whatton, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Lord Crawshaw's family have always been deeply interested in the place and its grounds and gardens with the most satisfactory and delightful results. Their children, Mary, Michael and David are seen in the top picture much absorbed in the lovely things their parents wore at the Coronation, and below they are talking to two good Friends of Man (and of children). A. A. Milne recognised the indispensability of the donkey "when we are very young" and Eeyore is by no means the least of his gallery of companions of youth



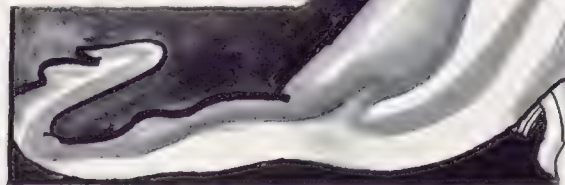
Photos: Swatche

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT

*Tauber-Laye-Cochran-
Lehar-Herbert-Stern*

NICOLÒ PAGANINI, who composed thin melodies but was the demon fiddler of all time, lived a highly operatic life; and the first Napoleon created more than one small kingdom that might have done service in comic opera. Paganini should therefore be just the thing as hero for an operette laid in the toy principality of Lucca, which Napoleon gave his sister as a plaything. In effect, he is incredible but devastating in the Tauber-Laye-Cochran-Franz Lehar-Alan Herbert-Reginald Arkell-Ernst Stern-Tyrone Guthrie mixture of light music and glittering bravura, now at the Lyceum Theatre. It is one of the functions of light opera to transform tough reality into jocund jollity; so there is every reason why the tall, gaunt Paganini of musical history should, in this *Paganini*, adopt the short, plump, engaging appearance of Herr Richard Tauber. And why the piece's Princess Anna Elisa should be divested of the Bonaparte dumpiness and sallowness and invested with the serene, blonde beauty of Miss



LOVE RESONANT IN ENCORES WITHOUT END: EVELYN LAYE,
RICHARD TAUBER

Evelyn Laye. And why the dim little principality should be as brightly coloured as Professor Ernst Stern and his scene-painters can make it; and also why it should boast a Minister of War with no army, a Minister of Marine without a navy, and a Secretary for Foreign Affairs whose sole duty is to keep an eye on the only affairs foreign to its domestic life—those of the Prince with ballerini and the local contadini.

I do not know, and cannot be bothered to care, whether the real Paganini figured in a similar affair with the Princess of Lucca: it is enough that Herr Tauber is here ready to hand for the usual love at first sight when Miss Laye, looking eager enough for anything, enters on a white horse and flourishes a white whip as she walks among her coloured populace. Off-stage, he is an errant fiddler whose luscious music, having already titivated the emotions of the contadini, can be expected to do as much to a lonely principessa. But when Tauber-Paganini arrives in the evident flesh, clinging to the presumed Stradivarius from which the luscious notes are supposed to have issued, you somehow guess, from the way he carries it, that the violin is a property one. His real function is to be not an errant fiddler but a wandering minstrel with a miraculous larynx. There is little, perhaps, in his mild eye and pleasant aspect to send shivers up and down the spine of a sister of Napoleon; but when his larynx extends itself so as to conjure All His Soul out of bodily hiding for a fervent duet, well then (as a cartoon by Mr. Max Beerbohm made Balfour say of Bonar Law's political drum), What verve! What virtuosity! What brio! What an instrument! After that initial ecstasy from vocal chords, it is reasonable that Miss Laye should at once proceed to sing with yearning of



MINISTERIAL MASHING: JOAN PANTER, CHARLES HESLOP

"My Nicolo," before the white horse carries her back to Court, where the fiddler is to be made Director of Opera and a cause of grand scandal.

Thereafter, for six months or more, Love was fairly important in Lucca. Thus, in Act II., the theme of Herr Tauber's first song is "If Love Should Die To-day"; the second begins by arguing that "Flirting is Folly but Fun,"

and ends with the claim that "Girls Were Made to Love and Kiss"; the third rhapsodises over "Love at Last"; and the fifth, a duet between Principessa and Paganini, is called "Nobody Could Love You More."

The theme then continues with Miss Laye's solo on "Love, Live for Ever!" Nor, in Act III., do Miss Laye, Herr Tauber, and the librettists (Messrs. A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell) ever ignore, disregard, or otherwise lose sight of Love. I don't know why, but an inverted sequence of three of the titles for the last few musical



ESMÉ PERCY

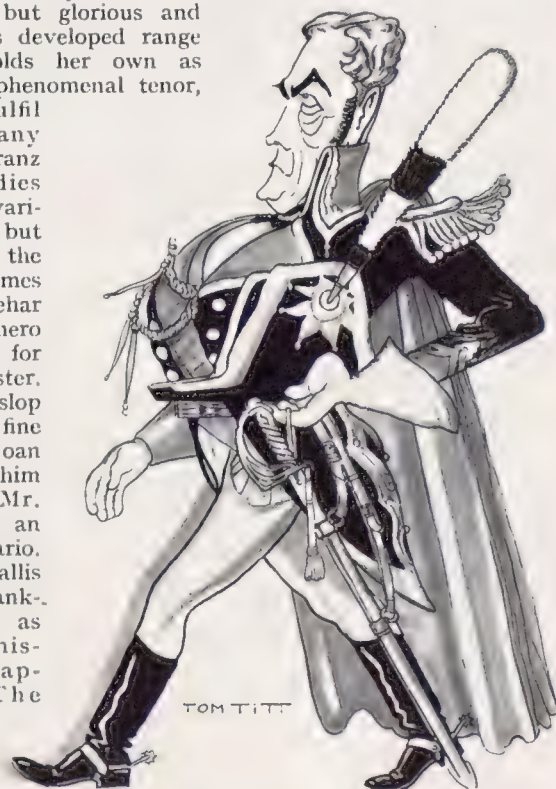
numbers appears to make some sort of an unwitting point—reading from bottom to top they are: "Who Will Be My Love To-night?"—"I Hear They Want More Babies"—"Fear Nothing."

Even love's chimes, when rung thus insistently, must pall under most conditions. The exception is when they are rung with a multitude of rare tricks. The exception is Tauber, master of fervent but intimate octaves, of lingering quavers and especially of the muted tremolo. To some of us, the insistence upon love, love, love still becomes absurd, though we be more than willing to wait for the next bit of vocal showmanship. But we are a barely evident minority; the large and chiefly feminine majority cannot have enough of Richard Tauber, and on his side it seems as though he cannot have too much of them. Wearing a rapt smile, he returns again and again for encores almost without end: in one case, three repetitions of the chorus-verse in English, followed by a German version that fairly shivers with the illusion of longing. After all that, four women out of five at the Lyceum will understand why the Princess, having agreed to Paganini's arrest because of a seeming delinquency in love, suddenly decides to reprieve him at the Court concert, when his fiddle-bow has yearned furiously (but in time with the violin solo by an able performer off-stage). And so when our hero had fiddled like Nero, she tore up the warrant and cried: Yip-I-Addy!—or rather "Paganini, you have never played more wonderfully!" So the maestro was able to leave Lucca by way of a smuggler's inn, whither the Princess followed him disguised as a gypsy, just in time for a grand finale that dealt in Renunciation.

Miss Evelyn Laye, whose presence is all but glorious and whose voice has developed range and feeling, holds her own as partner to the phenomenal tenor, and has to fulfil nearly as many encores. Herr Franz Lehar's melodies are taut and invariably pleasant; but it is a sign of the Americanised times that the only Lehar waltz is not for hero or heroine but for the comic Minister. Mr. Charles Heslop gives the latter fine fatuity; Miss Joan Panter supports him as soubrette; Mr. Esmé Percy is an explosive impresario. Mr. Bertram Wallis makes a short, clanking appearance as Napoleon's emissary, and is applauded. The crowd scenes are well grouped and nicely animated.



GEORGE HAYES



BERTRAM WALLIS

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—I returned to Paris entirely resolved to do my duty, and, since every little helps, give M. Albert Lebrun the benefit of my support on the opening day of the Exposition 1937. This was indeed virtuous on my part, hating crowds and official functions as I do. Unfortunately, I read my invitation-card inaccurately, and arrived at the wrong entrance at the wrong hour, to find that, the turnstiles not having been delivered on time, the Exhibition, now officially declared open, had been thrown open to the public all gratis and free fer nuffink. The spirit was willing, as I have already suggested, but the flesh was weak (especially after Vichy!). I cast one horrified glance at the seething mob and fled to the cool and shady terrace of the Tuileries Gardens, from whence I could look at the scene from a distance that was both safe and lending of enchantment. The entrance to the Exhibition at the Place de la Concorde, with its four monumental, silver christening spoons (or are they "spits"?), has a festive if not quite the grand air, and, after all, nothing really can spoil Paris! The beauty of this most lovely city appeals to me anew every time I return to it after an absence. Just now it is at its loveliest, so that whether you come over for the Exposition or whether you come merely because *la ville lumière* irresistibly calls you, you will not be disappointed.

After three weeks of an early-to-bed-and-to-rise régime at Vichy, I was afraid that I might find it difficult to keep town hours again . . . but since my first late night took me to the gala-showing of *The King and the Chorus Girl*—known in London as *Romance in Paris*, I believe—I found it particularly easy to remain awake. Fernand Gravet (only we write it with a "y" in French) and Joan Blondel form a very charming couple, and how the feminine element in the audience sighed and fluttered when Fernand was discovered, in flesh and ber-lud, seated in a box with his beautiful wife, the actress Jane Renouardt, and his youthful-looking but white-haired mother! He has grown a little moustache for the needs of the picture he is now making over here, and one foresees that quite a few lads will wear their upper lip garnished in the near future. Next morning I ran into him again: he and Jane were riding in the Bois and I was walking the dog. His admirers will be glad to know that he looks just as nice in boots and breeches as he does in "tails" or in naval get-up, and Jane Renouardt, in white breeches and shirt, brown boots and a Maurice Chevalier "boater," was very much in the picture, too. Nice young couple! They admired my Skye and I patted the noses of the 'osses, but I won't tell you what we all talked about, for it had nothing to do with film history, but rather more with the—er—musical glasses of Vichy water and their results!

All the film and the theatre world turned out for this première. The flashlights flashed and the cameras clicked overtime in the lobbies, and Annabella had to hide behind blue goggles. One knows, from seeing her on the screen, what a lovely creature she is; one guesses, from having seen and heard her rendering of Rosalind in *As You Like It* on the stage, that she is extremely intelligent; but even so, I was unprepared for her charming simplicity and the shy embarrassment with which she received my congratulations when a mutual friend made us known to each other. The British colour-picture, *Wings of the Morning*, in which she was recently seen over here, had a long run at the Ambassadeurs, and Paris is Oliver Twisty in its demands for more! Hollywood and England often take our French stars and, later, return them to us somewhat the worse for the experience, but it would seem that Gravet and Annabella are unspoilable. The Frank Vernons were at the show, and from them I cadged an invitation—only I think they would say that it didn't take



ROBED IN A SARI: JOSEPHINE BAKER

Josephine Baker is now playing at the Folies Bergère. She has given up her night-club in order to obtain release from overwork and she has now taken to flying as a recreation. Her application to this new interest has already brought her within close reach of her "A" certificate. In the autumn she will be seen in London

much asking—to the hundredth and gala performance of *Victoria Regina*. The British Ambassador and Lady Phipps and the Consul-General and Mrs. Godfrey Haggard will be present . . . happy nights are here again. PRISCILLA.

GOING RACING AND WATCHING POLO IN PARIS



AT LONGCHAMP: LADY DAVIS AND
MME. VAN DEN HAYDEN HAUZEUR



THE BEGUM AGA KHAN, MME. GARVIA CALVO,
AND MME. ROBERT REVEL



MRS. JOHN DREXEL AND THE
COMTESSE DE VEIL CASTEL



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN
WATCHING THE BIG PARADE



SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON (LEFT)
AND MR. AND MRS. MAX AUSNIT



WATCHING POLO AT BAGATELLE:
MME. GABRIELLE DORZIAT

The majority of these pictures from la belle France were taken on Prix Lupin Sunday at Longchamp. Though it was grillingly hot, most feminine racegoers contrived to remain remarkably cool-looking. Lady Davis and Mme. Van Den Hayden Hauzeur, for two, most certainly did. The latter had been in London the previous week, and helped her sister, Lady Kemsley, with the big party she gave at Chandos House for Overseas visitors. Also just back from Coronation festivities were the Begum Aga Khan and the Comtesse de Veil Castel, wife of the President of the French Jockey Club. Mme. Calvo's husband is stable manager to Señor Unzue, one of the biggest owners in France, and Mme. Robert Revel is an acknowledged beauty of the French racing set. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn is Lord St. Oswald's sister-in-law and daughter of Mr. Van Heukelom. Mr. Max Ausnit is Rumania's oil king, and Mme. Gabrielle Dorziat—photographed when watching polo at Bagatelle—is the very famous actress-wife of polo-playing Count de Zogheb; "Electra" provides her with her latest stage triumph

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE CLUB DINNER



LORD QUEENBOROUGH, DEPUTY KNIGHT PRESIDENT,
AND H.E. THE NORWEGIAN MINISTER



THE KNIGHT COLONEL C. T. SAMMAN
AND SIR JAMES PATON



SIR MANECKJI DADABHOY AND PRINCE
CHICHIBU, KNIGHT VICE PATRON



LORD ASKWITH WITH
COUNT T. MAEDA



KNIGHT SWORD-BEARER CAPTAIN H. E. P. DYKE ACKLAND
AND AIR MARSHAL W. G. S. MITCHELL



THE HON. ARCHIBALD CHUBB AND
LT.-GEN. SIR TRAVERS CLARKE



MR. CHARLES BERRY, KNIGHT REMBRANCER,
LISTENS TO LORD BURY'S POINT OF VIEW



KNIGHT VICE-PRESIDENT SERJEANT SULLIVAN, MR. GALLAGHER
AND SENIOR KNIGHT PRESIDENT H.E. THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

The Knights of the Round Table Club, a brotherhood of Nations founded in 1720 to promote international good fellowship, held a Banquet at the May Fair not long ago in honour of H.E. the Netherlands Minister. Unfortunately, Mr. R. de Marees van Swinderen, was at the last moment unable, through indisposition, to be present, but brother Knights welcomed their Knight Vice-Patron, Prince Chichibu of Japan, whose health was proposed by the Deputy Knight President, Lord Queenborough, occupying the seat of King Arthur. Prince Chichibu, who represented the Emperor of Japan at the Coronation, made a capital speech in reply, drawing a parallel between the time-honoured ideal of English chivalry and its counterpart in Japan. Serjeant Sullivan, K.C., also spoke. The Senior Knights Vice-President supporting the Chairman were H.E. Shigeru Yoshida, Japanese Ambassador, H.E. Erik Colban, Norwegian Minister, and Lord Askwith. The Hon. Archibald Chubb is Lord Hayter's elder son



PINK CHERRY BLOSSOM

By

A. K. MACDONALD





ADS
IATOR

"Yes, it's a WILLS's
GOLD FLAKE"

It's a CLEAN SMOKE



ROYAL AND OTHER PATRONS OF THE DERBY BALL



THE CO-ORGANIZERS, LADY MILBANKE AND MRS. JAMES FIELD, WITH SIR JOHN MILBANKE



Swaebe
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER



Swaebe
LORD ROSEBERY TALKING TO THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON AND MRS. MIKE WARDELL



MRS. W. S. COTTINGHAM IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH LORD LONG



MRS. JOHN WARD WAS EASY TO LOOK AT



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH



MRS. PETER THURSBY WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

Grosvenor House was the setting for that annual classic among dance fixtures, the Derby Ball, held in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital's Rosemary Ednam Ward. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave the occasion their personal patronage and were received by the co-organizers, Sir John Milbanke's wife and Mrs. James Field, who also personally greeted a large majority of the distinguished company, which totalled about 1500. The Duchess of Gloucester's brother and sister-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, were with the royal party, and other noted supporters included Lord Rosebery, Lady Maureen Stanley, eldest daughter of Lord Londonderry, and Lord Long of Wraxall, Coldstream Guards. Mrs. Peter Thursby was *née* Baring, and Mrs. Mike Wardell is Sir Kenneth Crossley's second daughter



LADY MAUREEN STANLEY WITH CAPTAIN MIKE WARDELL



Truman Howell

THE DEVON YEOMANRY (96th FIELD BRIGADE R.A.) IN CAMP AT MARLBOROUGH

The Royal Devon Yeomanry are one of the many former cavalry units which have been converted to Gunners, and they are now a two-battery Field Brigade. Lt.-Col. the Hon. D. G. Fortescue, who commands them, is Lord Fortescue's younger brother and is seen in the centre of the front row. The full key to the group is as follows:

L. to r.: Capt. C. R. Templer (Adj't.), Lieut. D. L. Dobson, Capt. K. G. W. Saunders, Capt. J. A. R. Garratt, Major A. W. Acland, 2nd-Lieut. D. C. Harward, Major E. W. Seymour, 2nd-Lieut. R. W. Hunt and Captain G. S. Incedon-Webber. In front: Lieut. H. C. Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Lieut. C. C. Mallock, Lieut. B. J. Harper, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. G. Fortescue, M.C. (the C.O.), Major J. K. la T. Mardon, 2nd Lieut. P. G. Heathcoat-Amory and Lieut. A. Chichester

Pictures in the Fire

NOW that certain permutations in high places have materialised, it is as certain as most things can be certain in this Vale of Sorrows that that colourful and graceful evolution, the Trooping of the Colour, in future will be completely controlled by beacons, instead of by the present far more ornate markers. Hitherto this has been one of the few military operations entirely dissociated from any mechanised contraption.

The mere thought of traffic lights, and things like that, on the Horse Guards Parade sends a shudder of horror down the backs of many of us. All tank manoeuvres are bound to be traffic-controlled, and the "Tin Lizzie" Cavalry will also have to mind their eye.

Of course, it is in no way the fault of all the eminent gentlemen concerned that they should be compelled to do this quick-change act from Traffic Cop to soldier and from soldier to what we may call Giddy Harumphrodite, and they will understand that they have the deepest sympathy of an ever warm-hearted public; but at the same time, this Protean business is somewhat apt to make the head of the Plain Man in the Street go round and round and round. What bothers the P.M.I.T.S. is how someone who has been hitherto concerned with letting off gentlemen on the way to be scragged can suddenly become an expert supervisor of the nation's shekels, and how Mars can be expected to

turn himself

in a flick of a duck's tail into Neptune. It may not be safe even to hint at what the Navy thinks of a soldier, but, as is no doubt well known by anyone of any erudition at all, the word "soldier" is not exactly a term of endearment in maritime circles. However, I suppose we must hope for the best, for have we not the comforting precedent of the eminent "sailor" who started his training for a following of the sea by polishing up the brass handle of a big front door? Let us therefore lift up our brows and condemn these misgivings to those baby eyes that ne'er saw a cabinet pudding a-boiling.

At this moment of crisis in our national life, I wonder whether it would be possible to induce our ever-watchful contemporary, the *Tailor and Cutter*, to leap into the breach and do



Poole, Dublin

AT PHOENIX PARK LAST WEEK

In this picture taken at the spring meeting in the Phoenix—all on the flat—are Lady De Freyne and her little son, the present Peer, and Mr. Frank MacDermot, who is a son of the late holder of that ancient Irish title, "The MacDermot," Prince of Coolavin. Mr. MacDermot is the Member for Roscommon in the Free State Parliament



AT MRS. REYNOLDS ALBERTINI'S WONDERFUL PARTY

The hostess who is famed for the gorgeousness of her parties at Bishopsgate, Windsor Great Park, with Wing-Commander Woodhouse. There were about 600 people at this particular party, which was a real big success. Last Christmas Mrs. Albertini gave an entertainment for the poorer children of Windsor and sent many a happy little heart home after it



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL XI.

The School's first match of the season against the Free Foresters resulted in the invaders getting the boys out for 89—C. S. Marriott collecting six of their wickets—and then going in and knocking up 275 for five, declared.

The names of the School team are (standing): P. Goatly, F. C. Colway, J. I. P. Hunt, D. L. Wilkinson, K. G. Neal and J. W. Woodbridge. (Seated) P. P. Gawthorne, W. J. A. Boyle, J. D. Stocker (captain), D. F. Cunliffe and E. A. Sinclair. The Free Foresters (standing): J. E. L. Wright, R. A. C. Ravenhill, J. H. Bais, R. W. M. Morrison, N. S. Hunter and R. L. Smithers. (Seated) R. H. Twining, Comdr. E. W. Sinclair, H. C. Pattison (captain), L. C. R. Isherwood and C. S. Marriott



Stuart

THE FREE FORESTERS

By "SABRETACHE"

No one wants to be unduly pernicketty in an affair like this, but I venture to submit that a very strong *prima facie* case can be claimed to have been made out by the recent snapshots. If they cannot be made to do better than they are doing, a short enabling Act Bill ought to be rushed through both Houses, making kilts compulsory.

And *vis-à-vis* all this, I see that a witch-doctor in Natal has just been fined £15, or eighty days' hard, for carrying on his business and, in the course of it, borrowing a horse from a priest and entirely omitting to return it. He also collected a fee of £3 from the patient, guaranteeing to cure him of a spell. It failed to work. The spell was possibly a craze for

something in the way of reforming Prime Ministers' trousers?

horse-dealing and horse-racing, and maybe the witch-doctor thought the best way to put a damper on it was to pinch the priest's horse. I think the magistrate might have let the doctor off, for I am sure that some such kindly thought was in his mind, and that he meant to do his patient a real good turn. Horse-ownership, especially race-horse ownership, has always been a most perilous pastime. Another patient said he gave the witch-doctor a cow. The report is quite definite upon the point that it was really a cow and not another horse. Sometimes the two animals look so much alike that you cannot be sure which is which.

To further pursue the matter of the sale and barter of the horse and this witch-doctor, I feel that the following little legend may be

of service to anyone who may be in the market. The intending purchaser in the case which is toward was what you call a nervous rider, one of the kind who is certain that every horse is going to fall down and kill him. The vendors, on the other hand, were not at all nervous. They were twins (name of Arnold and Frank), and they both suffered from an impediment in their speech, either actual (or assumed for purely business purposes). The customer, after viewing a steed which they produced and which had (a) its neck on the wrong way up, (b) its hocks a yard away, (c) was back at the knee, (d) half a foot too long behind the saddle, and (e) had a wall-eye, timorously put the question: "Can he jump?" Arnold looked at Frank with an expression of deep horror, and said: "F-F-F-Fuf-Fuf-Frank, cuk-cuk-cuk-cuk-can 'c juj-juj-juj-juj-jump, Fuf-Fuf-Fuf-Frank?" And Frank answered without batting

(Continued on page xii)



ALSO AT MRS. ALBERTINI'S PARTY: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AND MR. HERON CARVIE

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry was only one of the many stage and other celebrities who were at Mrs. Reynolds Albertini's amazing party at her house, Bishopsgate, Windsor Great Park. Everybody from the Peerage to the Pictures seemed to be there, the Services, and many distinguished visitors from afar



Pool, Dublin

ANOTHER SNAPSHOT FROM PHOENIX PARK

Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide, and just behind the latter Mrs. Wylie, wife of the famous Master of the Ward, Mr. Justice Wylie. Lord Talbot is the Hereditary Admiral of Malahide and any adjoining seas, and his castle is one of the oldest in Ireland

POLO NOTES ❖

By
"SERREFILE"

THERE is one bit of good news for the polo world after so much bad, and it is that H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester has decided to play for the Royal Air Force team in this year's Duke of York's Cup *v.* the Royal Navy, which will be played at Ranelagh on June 10, if all goes as we hope. H.R.H. is playing in his new capacity of an Air Vice-Marshal, and his sporting action, I am sure, will do a very great deal to buck up the polo game in the R.A.F. The Air Force have not won this Cup out of their turn, and I wish them all luck this year. This Cup was inaugurated by H.M. the King.

Taking into consideration the small chance any of the teams have had of galloping polo, which is the only kind that counts for real battle, it is probable that we ought not to take very much notice of anything that has happened either in the Roehampton Open Cup or any side-shows that have been given us. No matter how wishful you may be, you cannot play the right kind of game on a ground that has been soaked, and therefore cuts up very rough. The surprising thing is that anyone is seeing the ball as well as some of them are, and that, where the ponies are concerned, they also are playing the game as good ones should. Neither man nor pony has been given a dog's chance by this pestilent weather, and though things mended sufficiently by May 28 to let the big contest at Roehampton start, how dare we trust our climate after its having let us down so often and so badly? The worst of it is that we are all such cast-iron optimists that the moment we get a few sunny days we at once forget what it has done, and believe that it "ain't goin' to rain no more." It is an open secret that one prominent side was so disheartened that it had serious ideas of packing itself up and returning to the place from whence it came—rather a long

Somerles House match in the Roehampton Open contest, on May 28, was a narrow shave for the Australians, and they were considered lucky to get home by a goal after having shown no sort of combination for most of the way over. They certainly did not go as well as they did on that soggy ground at Hurlingham two days before, when they beat a strong scratch Hurlingham team 9 to 6½. The scratch side had two International class



POLO AT BAGATELLE PARK

M. Joerggen Bagge, who skips his own side at Bagatelle, and M. Robert Gautier, who is one of the units of the team. Bagatelle is the "Hurlingham" of Paris

people in it, Mr. H. H. Hughes (actual) and Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer (reserve) with, Captain A. H. Barclay (late Bays) at the top end and the Australian reserve, Mr. R. Skene, back. As already said, I do not think too much notice ought to be taken of anything at the moment. This is not, of course, to say that this Somerles House team is to be in any way despised. Sir Harold Wernher is only a 3-point man, but he is beautifully mounted and he has plenty of drive. Behind him, however, he has got three people, one of whom, at any rate, so some of us believe, was unlucky not to get an International cap. This is

Major C. E. Pert, 15th Lancers, I.A. (victors over the 17/21st Lancers in this year's Indian Inter-Regimental), and the other two are Major C. H. Gairdner and Captain D. Dawnay, both 10th Hussars, and both in the team that has done so well in the Indian Inter-Regimental from 1933 onwards. We saw something of Captain Dawnay here last season, for he was played in many of the trial sides against our International team. When you talk of anyone who has little but regimental form behind him, the usual answer is: "Yes, good regimental class!" Where have we found our brightest stars? How about these few names: "Rattle" Barrett, Ritson, Noel Edwards, Leslie Cheape, poor "Mouse" Tomkinson, Lockett, Melvill, Guinness, Roark, Tyrrell-Martin, Walford, Phipps-Hornby (never in a really good International team), Sanger (alas! still *hors de combat*), and I have no doubt you can add a lot more for yourselves.

So I suggest that the "only regimental" gibe be dropped. It is in these regimental sides that they get the chance that few civilian sides ever get—constant drill together. Few civilian sides are the same for two seasons on end. The "Rajahs" teams approximate far more nearly to what happens in a regiment, for they usually get together and stop together. The Ashtons are the striking modern exception, and the Old Cantabs used to be (G. E. Bellville, F. M. Freake, W. S. Buckmaster, and the then Lord Wodehouse and present Lord Kimberley, and three out of four of them

(Continued on page XIV)



THE 12th LANCERS WIN AT TIDWORTH

The contest was the 14/20th Hussars' Cup at Tidworth, in which they beat the Bays 11 to 7½ (rec. 3½). The names in the above group are: Captain G. Carr, Lt.-Col. R. L. McCreery, Mr. A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter and Mr. R. H. Hobson. The 12th are the holders of the Inter-Regimental Cup

way off, incidentally—and no one could have blamed it very much if it had. We have got to have some antidote. Things are late enough this season in all conscience, but if the water had gone on falling down for another week or ten days, the only result could have been a re-casting of all the fixtures, the abandonment of a good many of them, and a concentration almost exclusively upon the big contests.

As to a short diary of things as they have been, and are, the Goulburn *v.*



MR. HUGH LLOYD THOMAS
AND MME. BAGGE

Another picture at Bagatelle, Paris. Mr. Lloyd Thomas, British Minister in Paris, owned the last Grand National winner, Royal Mail, and has ridden his own Destiny Bay over Aintree many times

GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL WHISKY



All over the World

10 YEARS OLD AND ONLY TWELVE & SIX

LAWN TENNIS :

By
"RABBIT"

LET us speak this week of professional tennis. I only hope that the very paper I write on, let alone the paper on which the results are printed, will not be contaminated, as the proofs of one of my novels once were, which I made the mistake of correcting when I was convalescing in bed after an adult attack of measles.

But I would not call it an adult attack of anything, this stubborn, ungrateful, bad-mannered ban that the gentlemen councillors of the L.T.A. have viciously set in motion against the interests of the man in whom they had an extremely personal financial interest themselves this time last year. If it were not so maddeningly hypocritical, one could not help being amused by the way that the tennis authorities of this country now hold up their hands in horror at the step that Perry has taken in order to earn himself an honest livelihood, although as long as he remained a technical amateur—that is, just staying on the right side of any infringement of the amateur rule, and every tennis expert knows what that means—everything was O.K. It just doesn't make sense.

Mind you, I am not suggesting that the actual spectacle of Perry as a professional in the Wembley arena is as exciting or as attractive a one as Perry playing on the Centre Court at Wimbledon—more of that in a moment—but I am suggesting that the time has come when the tennis authorities in this country must come into line with the golf council in regard to their attitude towards the professional game. At golf, amateurs and professionals mix freely, even so far as being allowed to partner each other as well as play each other in tournaments. Would anyone suggest that amateur golf, in consequence, is a racket in which the players are paid to pull their drives into the rough, or push their putts too far across the greens? The suggestion is too fantastic to contemplate. Then why treat professional tennis players as though they were something the cat has brought in?

There is one reason and one only. The L.T.A. are not frightened of the future spirit of the game: they are simply frightened, despite their immense reserves, of the financial future of their club. They are particularly frightened that if any more of our leading players turn professional, we shall not only lose the Davis Cup, we shall not be invited to send representative teams on foreign tours, and the travelling expenses sheet of the councillors themselves will be inevitably curtailed. And so, in their turn, they are trying to frighten the remaining amateur stars in this country by treating Perry as though he were a pariah, a tennis murderer, a social outcast, so that none of them will dare to sign on the dotted line for a tour of the States lest they too should return to their home country, and instead of being met with friendliness and courtesy, be told that they must never play again

on any tennis ground affiliated to the L.T.A., and never enter their own tennis club, as their name has been erased from the list of members.

That sounds incredible, doesn't it? Too mean, too petty to be possible in a country which for centuries has had a reputation for fair play and good sportsmanship. Yet this is exactly what has happened to Perry, and I am only repeating half the story, because the rest of it is at the moment not publishable. I only hope that Perry will be forced by his engagements to leave the country before Wimbledon starts, otherwise he will be forced to suffer

the ultimate insult of being told, as Cochet and Tilden have been before him, that he must not take his rightful place amongst his old friends in the competitors' stand as he might contaminate them, as a Communist might corrupt a staunch Conservative. Instead, his reward for having won the championship three years running for his country, and incidentally, sold out the "house" every day, will be to buy a seat, if he can get one, from a ticket tout outside the gates.

One day when I have attained the average age of the L.T.A. council—what a disagreeable prospect!—I shall doubtless look back on the recent treatment of Perry with amazement to think that in those far-off days the official tennis attitude in this country was still so primitive, so underhand, so monstrously hypocritical. For the council, as a body, always reminds me of that famous description in some book of a man who enjoyed hunting with the hounds and having fun with the hares on the quiet. Our tournaments abound with "shamateurs," encouraged and compelled to behave as they do by the contradictory attitude of those on high, who alter the letter of each rule to suit their own purpose; and so it will go on, until more players in the first rank have the courage of Perry to come right out into the open and say, as he did: "I have my future to safeguard, a wife to provide for. I must capitalise the one great talent I possess while it is still at its highest market value . . ."

And that is exactly what Perry has done, and done so successfully from a financial point of view that he can, of course, ignore with his own dignity and integrity unimpaired the childish displays of cold-shouldering from those who, twelve months ago, stood in a queue for the privilege of putting their arm round the shoulder of the champion of the world. Yes; Perry can ignore this humiliating-only-to-the-would-be-humblers *volte face*, but what I cannot ignore myself is the criminal waste that is the result of the L.T.A.'s

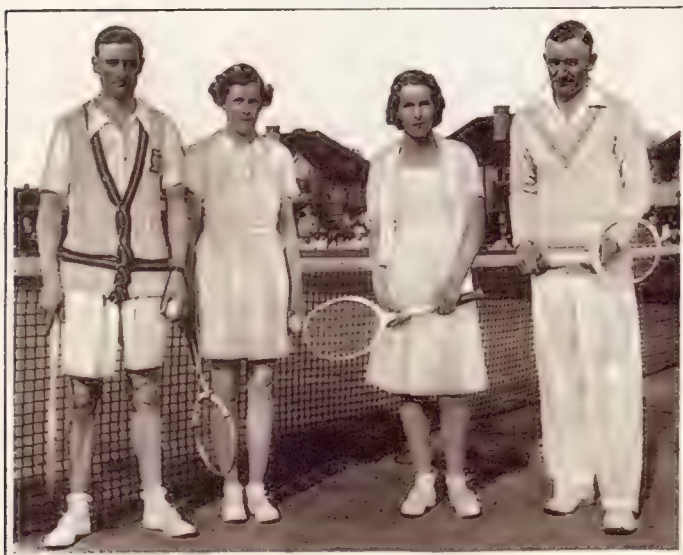
(Continued on page 200)



GERMANY'S SECOND STRING :

HENNER HENKEL

Henner Henkel ranks as Germany's No. 2 player. He recently won the French Championship Singles, defeating H. W. Austin. With Baron von Cramm, he also won the Doubles in the same event



FINALISTS AT CHISWICK PARK

On the left are J. M. Hunt, the Sussex County player, and Mrs. Law. They were beaten in the finals of the Middlesex Championships at Chiswick Park by Miss Margot Lumb, the English squash rackets champion, and R. K. Tinkler, the former Oxford captain, who are seen on the right of the above group



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The curate announced to the congregation that a special service of baptism would be held on the following Sunday, and particularly requested that all the infants should be brought to the church exactly at three o'clock.

The old vicar, who was deaf, thought the curate was speaking of the new hymn-books which had just been issued. He therefore added, "Any person not provided with one can obtain it in the vestry for 2s. 6d., or with red backs for 6d. extra."

The old signalman was the most important witness at an action for damages—a man had been knocked down at a level crossing.

At the cross-examination he persisted that he waved his lantern frantically, but in vain.

"You were excellent," said the superintendent, patting him on the back afterwards. "I was afraid you might break down."

"No fear," was the proud reply, "but I was a little nervous. I thought that bloke was going to ask me if the lantern was lighted."

Fred Daniels
ANNA NEAGLE AS "VICTORIA THE GREAT," AND H. B. WARNER AS LORD MELBOURNE

The scene is of the Great Queen in her younger days when she reviewed the troops at Aldershot and was attended by the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. Herbert Wilcox is hard at work on this film at Denham, and it ought to be something to see when it is at last produced. Some marvellous work in make-up has been done by Guy Pearce, and one of his masterpieces is turning Anna Neagle from the eighteen-year-old Queen she was at her accession to the eighty-year-old, heavy and sad-faced lady of later days

A HORSE-OWNER was trying to sell a broken-winded horse, and was trotting him around for inspection. The owner stroked the horse's back and remarked to the prospective buyer:

"Hasn't he got a lovely coat?"

The other noticed that the horse was touched in the wind and answered, "Ah, I like his coat all right—but I don't like his pants."

A certain lady who was interested in good works ran a Sunday School class in her village. She asked her husband on his next visit to the nearest town to buy her a text for the schoolroom, but after he had departed she remembered she had not told him the wording of the text she wanted, nor the size, so she wired to his hotel as follows:

"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN; 3 FEET LONG AND 4 FEET WIDE."

The street performer was addressing the crowd. "Ladies an' gents—in a few minutes," he said, "I will astonish you by eatin' coal, stones an' nails. I will also swallow a long sword. After which I shall come round among you with the hat, trustin' to get enough for a crust of bread."

"Lumme!" cried a voice from the back. "Still 'ungry!"

A man, very much the worse for drink, was in the tube train, but did not quite know where he was going. He asked his equally inebriated friend what the time was.


"Choosday," said the friend sleepily.

The other sat up with a jerk. "Choosday," he repeated; "then I had better get back, for that's to-morrow!"



Hyman Fink
A TRIO OF CELEBRITIES IN HOLLYWOOD

A merry party at the Hollywood Trocadero, and left to right of it are Joe E. Brown, Sally Eilers, and our own Sir Harry Lauder, who looks younger than ever. Pretty Sally Eilers in her private entity is Mrs. H. J. Brown, wife of the well-known producer. Joe Brown is the friend of many of us on the silver screen, whom we saw recently in "The Natural Born Salesman" in London



Debutante

Music from lighted windows . . . The long line of cars around the square . . . A red carpet under a striped awning . . . One of London's prettiest debutantes is coming out; and for this great occasion all Beauty's arts have been mustered. No trace of fatigue—no suspicion of strain—must be allowed to detract from her elegance.

For strenuous social occasions, Elizabeth Arden advises:—*Debutante Treatment*.—A stimulating, cleansing and refreshing treatment with make-up. Each treatment 12/6. *The Glamour Complexion*.—The new, two powder technique to give the skin a delicate translucence—first Ardena Powder in a light tone, then a darker shade of Japonica powder, 7/6 and 12/6 a box each. *The Looking Glass Lipstick*.—A brilliant idea—a mirror set in the lid to save rummaging about in one's purse—Plain gilt, 7/6. Jewelled gilt, 10/6.

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Notices and Notices.

A GREAT deal of time is spent by the Home Office and the police in "cleaning up" this, that and the other. They clean up "haunts of vice," which is a newspaper term meaning places where the relationship between the clock and the drink is established by nature and not by law; and they clean up "the drug traffic," which is a newspaper term meaning the passing of aspirin tablets. How happy we should be in aviation, if there were a Government

character . . ." Here we have examples of loose language which cry for cleaning up because they both congest and confuse.

References.

There are, first of all, those "in respects," "as regards," and "in characters," and then there are those references. Let me ask the composer of these Notices if the first words I have quoted from No. 76 mean any more or less than: "Aircraft authorised by the Chief Aerodrome Officer," a matter of seven words against eighteen, or if the words following the reference mean any more or less than: "by asking permission to land . . ." If the Notice means more or less than that I should be glad to hear what the difference is. Then there is that vertical beam of light, "fixed in character." Why drag in the wretched beam's character? Why not a vertical, fixed beam of light? But the worst fault of all is the habit of inadequate reference.

How many can remember at once what that "paragraph 18 (3) (a) of Schedule IV" is? By introducing an inadequate reference of that kind, which is the worst and commonest fault in official documents, the meaning is held up and the



MISS LYMAN, "MISS AMERICA,"
AT HANWORTH

Miss Lyman is one of our most decorative visitors from America and was a passenger in Mr. J. Henderson's Monospar plane in the International Open Handicap Air Race from Hanworth to the Isle of Man. She is seen putting her name on the plane for luck. Mr. Henderson's plane was one of the six that crossed the finishing-line. Fog hampered things very badly and a bad accident also marred the general success

department specially charged with cleaning up Notices to Airmen. For the fact is that these Notices are becoming, in the words of the magistrate—any magistrate—"a menace to the youth of the country." But as we can hardly hope for an official cleaning up, I propose, in the national interest, to indicate how that task should be tackled, thus providing, in my opinion, further evidence of the superiority of private enterprise over State control.

First of all, let me beg the writer of these Notices, whoever he may be, to be more sparing in the use of the terms, "in respect of" and "as regards." In the harassed and hurried journalist, writing against the clock, such loose terms are excusable; but in the Government official whose output is half a sentence between tea and tea, they are inexcusable. Listen to this. It is Notice to Airmen No. 76 of the year 1937: "Aircraft in respect of which a special authorisation in writing has been issued by the Chief Aerodrome Officer of the Air Port to carry out local flying between sunset and sunrise shall comply with the terms and requirements of such authorisations in all respects, but shall not be required to comply with the provisions of paragraph 18 (3) (a) of Schedule IV to the Air Navigation (Consolidation) Order, 1923, as regards asking permission to land by means of the signals there specified." A little later on the Notice says: "A special signal consisting of a vertical beam of light, fixed in



Poole, Dublin

IRISH AVIATION DAY IN PHENIX PARK

Mr. J. M. St. John Kearney, Chief Instructor to the Irish Aero Club, with Miss Lily Dillon, who won the Ladies' Trophy and the Ladies' Prize in the Round the Oases Race at the Egyptian Aero Club's Rally this year. Miss Dillon and Mr. Kearney are probable starters in this year's King's Cup Race



Poole, Dublin

ALSO IN DUBLIN: MISS RUTH HALLINAN AND LADY NELSON

Miss Hallinan had just taken delivery of the aeroplane seen in the picture, a D.H. Hornet Moth. She was the first woman in Munster to get her pilot's certificate. Lady Nelson's air-mindedness is very well known

attention of the reader lost. I have pointed out a couple of instances of how words can be saved; but there must be no attempt to save words when a reference is made. Let us have paragraph 18 (3) (a) of Schedule IV set out again in full, no matter how long-winded it is. Then the Notice to Airmen will mean something and be complete in itself.

These two recommendations are both based on good authority. The first is: When such floppy phrases as "with respect to," "as regards," "in character," and "in the case of" threaten to intrude themselves; stop, think, and then think again. The second is: Never refer back without quoting the matter adequately.

Subsidiis.

So the aerodrome owners now want to be subsidised; and no wonder. For years they have been told by the Air Ministry that

(Continued on page 508)



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gin to the perfection
that is*

BOOTH'S

THE *Matured* GIN

THE ONLY GIN WITH THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

THE BATTLE OF ABU GHOSH

By

ARTHUR SETTEL

We were fortunate in coming when we did, for the rebels, forty strong, were on the point of going out to do battle. All wore the usual dress of the Fella, every man carried a rifle and ammunition belt, and there was little or no conversation. On emerging from their head-quarters, a spacious and undecorated cave on the south-south-east side of the hill, they broke up into bands of fours and fives. A word with the *Bimbashi*, or Major, and we were told to fall in behind the *baltagi*, a drummer, and to remain with him. This, as we learned later, was rather a fortunate arrangement, because the *baltagi*, a man named Auni Bey Abdul, never came into firing range—or wasn't supposed to.

It was late in the afternoon when at last we sighted the brown tops of the British military camp that lay in the Jenin village. The weather was cool and clear and perfectly suited to fighting. Swarms of birds hovered over our heads. The earth was hard and rocky underfoot, and it was difficult walking. Auni Bey Abdul, the *baltagi*, or drummer, didn't seem very talkative, but when we came within sight of the tents he opened up.

"There they are," he said with an Egyptian accent. "The curse of Allah upon them!"

"Why curse them?" I asked. "They've done you no harm."

"They have taken away our country and given it to another people," said the *baltagi*. At his side hung a hand-made drum and drumstick.

"You're all wrong, my friend," I answered. "These boys are entirely innocent."

"Well, we'll get them, anyway."

There was no time for further conversation, for the *baltagi* received a frantic message from Haj Amin to beat "Advance." Dully and with perfect rhythm the youth began to play on the ewe-skin of the primitive instrument he carried at his side, and the sound was eerie but effective. For, on hearing it, our little army deployed, fell prostrate, and crept slowly forward, getting nearer and nearer the unsuspecting outpost.

We naturally fell prostrate also, and a shiver went through me as I realised that some unwary youths would probably be sent to the Everlasting Rest for no reason at all, except that men must fight and that Arabs must be men. I thought sadly of a bereaved mother in far-away Birminghamshire receiving a short note from the War Department to the effect that her Johnny or Tommy had fallen in action, and I thought of the devastated hopes, the fallen ambitions and the black outlook which such notes caused.

Nearer and nearer to the camp we crept, and I wondered whether we were going to creep into the very mess kits of the British soldiers. My drummer friend played a steady tattoo on his ewe-skin drum, and I felt prompted to ask him what followed his concert: so far nothing had followed, except one crawling Arab, the one who preceded him.

I did succeed in photographing Haj Amin, our supreme command, as the latter, making a motion to the drummer to cease, and describing a circle in the air, which I learned

(Continued on page 504)

"What are you doing, you fool? Down, get down on your face, or I'll blow you into a thousand smithereens!"

SOME friends in Araba with whom I had been staying invited me to join them in the hills around Jenin, where the rebel forces of Haj Amin were contemplating a flying attack on his

Majesty's forces stationed in Jenin. Having nothing better to do, I consented on the understanding that I be privileged to use my camera. This request was granted, and I soon found myself skirting a hill that was dotted with a considerable number of tiny caves.

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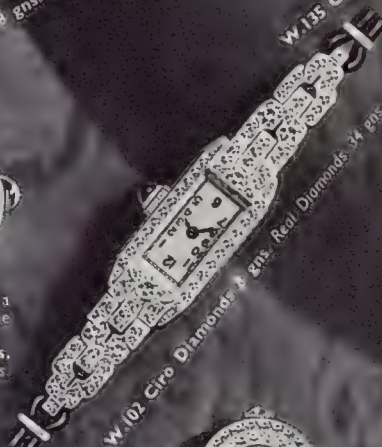
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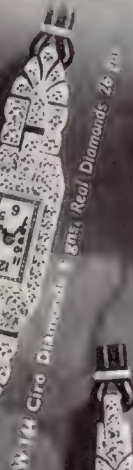
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SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE

"A TREASURY OF PEARLS & JEWELS"

THE BATTLE OF ABU GHOSH—(Contd. from page 502)

meant "Get ready to fire," rose to his haunches and scanned the horizon with a pair of Japanese field-glasses.

Long and long did the *Bimbashi* search the camp which lay not two hundred yards away, and the apparently unguarded area beyond. He seemed to be extremely puzzled, and as he fixed the glasses to his eyes a second time, I felt that something untoward had happened. And, with the curiosity that is known to result fatally to the feline species in the majority of cases, I jumped to my feet and hastened to his side.

He looked at me with a start.

"What are you doing, you fool? Down! Get down on your face, or I'll blow you into a thousand smithereens! Down on your face!"

I obeyed with surprising agility. I speculated on what this *Bimbashi*, famous for his cruelty and pitiless attitude towards non-Moslems, would do to me—unarmed except with a camera, which in itself was a violation of their privacy; nay, a veritable messenger of death, for identity would mean probably hanging, and what for a camera if not to identify, classify and personify?

On my face, which hugged the stony soil as though the latter were the cheek of my very own true love, I found myself thinking not of the fate that would be mine, but of the thing that was staying Haj Amin's hand. Could it be that he was afraid? No, I was sceptical. Haj Amin the cruel, Haj Amin the fearless, educated at Eton and in Istamboul; drilled to do battle with the Druse forces in Iraq, long-seasoned fighter of many parts, man of the world, wanderer over Arabia, and one of the most celebrated experts in horseflesh the East had ever known: he afraid of death at the hands of a mere British soldier?

Could it be that he feared a trap? Or that the camp had been evacuated? Or that Tommy Atkins had just been caught off guard, and Haj Amin was too fair, too just, too much a soldier to attack at this moment?

Suddenly the drummer started again. It was a monotonous melody he was playing, one that I had never heard before. I scarcely realised what was happening, when I heard a voice in perfect English saying, "Come on, we're retreating."

It was Haj Amin himself, looking very disconsolate, and half-standing, half-kneeling, with his field-glasses still in one hand.

"What's wrong?" I said in English.

"None of your bloody business!" he cried. "Come along, if you don't want to be blown into a thousand . . ."

I was up in a flash and, with camera in one hand and a handful of weeds in another, I fled, together with my hosts, back in the direction whence we had come.



GUESTS AT THE BULKELEY-FANE WEDDING: MRS. E. BALFOUR, MISS JOAN MILLER AND MR. JOHN MAUDE

They were among the guests at the wedding of Miss Charmian Fane, Lord Clinton's granddaughter, to Mr. Robert Rivers Bulkeley, of the Scots Guards. They are seen on their way from St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where the ceremony took place, to the reception at 30, Curzon Street

The Council of War was brief and to the point.

Haj Amin, looking grim and fearful, spoke in no uncertain terms.

"My brethren: there is a law of the Koran which states that we must not kill a man when he is not trying to kill us. Our enemies are playing cricket. We cannot fire on them until the game is over. As your commander, I order you to lay aside all arms, ammunition and knives, and follow me. We must see this game, and perhaps engage the enemy."

There was a shout from the assembled men of the hills. I saw the drummer grin pleasantly; I saw the *Sol Ta'yin*, our Sergeant Major, throw down his rifle; I saw the *Bashshawish* and the *Shawish* and the *Onbashi* and the *Wekil Buluk Amin*, smiles spread all over their faces, follow suit.

Turning to me, Haj Amin said: "Most of us were at Eton, you know. Come on, let's get into this thing."

We half-ran, half-walked to the clearing in the centre of the Jenin camp, where the Yorkshires were murdering the Lancashires in what one of the lance-corporals had appropriately termed the Battle of Abu Ghosh.

Haj Amin explained to a Quartermaster-Sergeant who was doing patrol duty that "a bunch of fellows from Jenin" had decided they would like to watch the match. The rebels gathered around the players as though they had been class-mates of the British boys. And the game was a good one. Yorkshire took the major points for a first innings lead over the Lancashires, and in the end trounced them handsomely. Haj Amin's boys cheered lustily and, after the result was announced, the Sergeant treated to drinks.

I got a photograph of the game, another of the boys tipping their glasses, and then one of the heap of rifles which we had left behind near one of the caves.

THE END.



Abery

ENGAGED: CAPTAIN THE HON. CHARLES BERNARD AND THE HON. URSULA VIVIAN

This engagement was recently announced and the wedding will take place in London on July 13th. The Hon. Charles Bernard is the twin brother of the Earl of Bandon; he is in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. The Hon. Ursula Vivian is the eldest daughter of Lady Swansea and the late Lord Swansea, she is a foxhunter and a keen angler, as well as a golfer, and Captain of the Builth Wells Ladies' Golf Club. The photograph was taken at Caerberis, Builth Wells, Miss Vivian's home



"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"



TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER



OXFORD DEFEATS THE FREE FORESTERS

THE OXFORD XI.

Oxford scored a very decisive victory over the Free Foresters by ten wickets, having only two runs to make in their second innings. The Oxford names are: (standing) E. J. H. Dixon, D. O. Hay, R. E. Whetherley, B. J. W. Hill, D. H. Macindoe, P. M. Whitehouse. Seated: W. Murray-Wood, R. F. H. Darwall-Smith, J. N. Grover, J. G. Halliday and M. M. Walford

The Two Leslies.

LESLIE HORE-BELISHA goes, Leslie Burgin arrives. That abundant energy which bred beacons, built-up areas and brake-tests has been turned to barracks, boots and buttons; to making the Army of to-day all right. We congratulate Hore-Belisha on his promotion, and are gratified to think that our humble motoring activities have provided him with a stepping-stone to higher things. But allow me to avoid the fulsome flattery of public men which is now so fashionable, and to say frankly that, much as I like Hore-Belisha himself—and in the few talks I had with him in his room at the Ministry of Transport he showed himself to be both entertaining and intelligent—I am glad, unfeignedly glad, that he has left the Ministry of Transport. The politician who goes to sleep and remains asleep is far less of a menace than the politician who is very wide awake. Your careerist is always energetic, but not always responsible. Those of us who had watched the political situation were aware that Hore-Belisha was bursting with ambition and that he had determined to reach a high place in the Cabinet. All along, though we were too polite to express our suspicions, we had an uneasy feeling that his road transport rhapsodies were not aimed so much at the lowering of the accidents rate, as at the raising of the Hore-Belisha.

When the flamboyance had achieved its end, it ceased, or was soft-pedalled, or converted into bleary B.B.C. blah. The transport activities were not more than a means to an end. And, it must be confessed, we are relieved to note that they have achieved that end so rapidly. Now let us have a Minister of Transport less urgently ambitious; one who will minister to transport and become its trusted servant. Have we such a one in Leslie Burgin?



THE FREE FORESTERS XI.

The Free Foresters were handicapped by the absence of R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, who was unable to bat as the result of a mosquito-bite. The Free Foresters' names are: (standing) J. L. T. Guise, I. C. Henry, G. Cornu, K. B. Scott, J. H. Baiss, J. E. L. Wright. Seated: Major A. C. Wilkinson, H. J. Enthoven, H. C. Pattisson, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow and J. Darwall-Smith

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

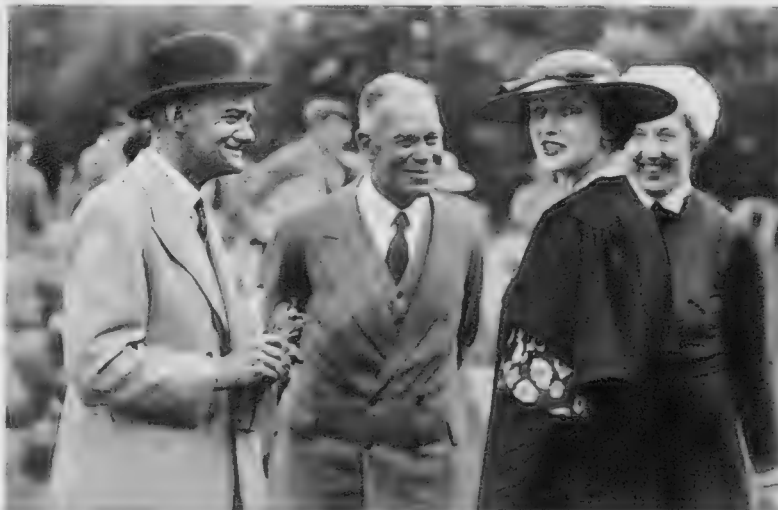
Motors and Ministers.

It may be that we have. When Hore-Belisha took office, on my first meeting with him I asked him the question: "Are you yourself a motorist?" And I got the reply: "Yes."

But whether the contemplation of the mass of regulations with which motorists are expected to comply put him off, or for some other reason, Hore-Belisha never seemed subsequently to be heard of driving his own car. Now, I am persuaded by one who knows him that Dr. Burgin does drive his own car. That is an advantage. I am not one of those who, in opposition to Dr. Johnson, claim that before a person can effectively criticise a table he must be a carpenter. I see no reason why one who has never sat in a motor-car should be debarred from becoming an efficient Minister of Transport. But it is probably true that it is an advantage to have some personal experience in road transport, because it is a relatively new thing and because so many controversies turn upon the minutiae of handling a vehicle.

For this and other reasons we may look favourably upon the change of Minister and place high hopes in Leslie Burgin. I have seen the Ministers of Transport succeed one another, and at each change I have hoped that the big man with the big grasp of transport problems and the drive to get things done had arrived. The achievement has regularly fallen short of the promise. But still we keep hoping. So doing, perhaps, we are behaving like the comedian of the silent-film period who said, you will remember, that he liked watching films of Mary Pickford. She was always fighting for her honour. She always won. But he still kept going. Let us hope that our patience is more likely to be rewarded than his, and that this time we shall have a rational road construction

(Continued on page ii)



AT THE WINGFIELD-MORRIS HOSPITAL FÊTE AT OXFORD

In the picture from left to right are Lord Nuffield, whose enormous benefactions to charity are the outcome of keen interest and sympathy; Commander J. T. Henderson, the Secretary; Viscountess Harcourt; and the Matron, Miss R. R. Jolliffe. Lady Harcourt, before her marriage in 1931, was the Hon. Maud Grosvenor; and is a sister of Lord Ebury

Scent ? Yes !
Gloves ? Yes !
Hankies ? Yes !
Stockings ? Yes !
thank goodness
that's the lot ! . . .



exhaustedly
you sink
into a chair
whilst
the kind commissioner
calls
your car . . .



how you revel
in
that cigarette
which
so perfectly completes
your feeling of
relief
and
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

WHY YOU SHOULD ALWAYS TRAVEL BY Imperial Airways TO EUROPE

Imperial Airways is the *only* air line to the Continent using none but 4-engined air liners

The *only* Master Pilots (except one) employed in Great Britain fly Imperial Airways air liners—a Master Pilot's certificate is the highest guarantee of air efficiency obtainable

Imperial Airways passengers are offered the same insurance rates as for surface travel

The biggest, most silent and comfortable air liners in Europe, with the largest and most luxurious passenger saloons in which there is plenty of room to walk about

Temperature in the passenger saloons always regulated and the air constantly changed so as to be always pleasantly fresh

The *only* air liners serving full restaurant meals during flight

Imperial Airways Ltd., Airway Terminus, S.W.1; Airways House, Charles Street, S.W.1. VICTORIA 2211 (Day and Night) or travel agents. Imperial Airways is Agent in Great Britain for Belgian Air Lines, German Airways, Swissair and Railway Air Services

Stuarts

Air Eddies—continued from p. 500

aerodromes are of national importance. They have seen almost every other branch of aviation, including gliding, subsidised. They have seen Members of Parliament pushing up their own salaries and grabbing extra privileges. They have seen the gradual drift of everything towards subsidy and State control. Why should they have to continue to bear the brunt of providing landing grounds without Government assistance? The Government will find it difficult to refuse their claims without laying itself open to the charge of gross insincerity in all its previous aerodrome-stimulating propaganda.

For myself, I am still opposed to all aviation subsidies, and I believe that in this I have the majority of the people in the British aircraft industry with me. At first a subsidy looks like easy money. And so it is. But it brings with it the loss of something that is of greater value than the biggest subsidy in the world, freedom. Offer some unemployed man a yearly income of six thousand pounds for life on the condition that he spent the rest of his life in prison and he would reject the offer with scorn. A company living on a Government subsidy is living in prison. Nevertheless subsidisation is civilization, as Kipling did not say; and with the mounting of the number of subsidised industries and undertakings the refusal of a subsidy becomes more and more difficult, and more and more dangerous. It is dangerous because the subsidised groups eventually exercise their power to squeeze out the unsubsidised. So the aerodrome owners, in the circumstances, are right in pressing for a subsidy. They may dislike subsidies in principle as much as I do, but they must take them if they are to survive.

* * *

International at York.

By now the International Air Rally at York Aerodrome will be over and we shall be able to estimate the chances of success of future events of the same kind. I shall hope to report on this meeting in a future issue because there is a fairly strong contingent from abroad among those who have accepted invitations to attend. There will be some German aeroplanes specially equipped for aerobatics. In all 96 aircraft were included in the list of acceptances which I received just before writing these notes. I am wondering how our visitors from abroad will enjoy the "Olde English Faire" which is to be established in a field alongside the aerodrome.

Another event of note was Empire Air Day. This is one of the really successful air entertainment ideas and the attendances have been going up steadily ever since it was first tried. It has been objected to on the grounds that it kills the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon, and although no Empire Air Day celebration is held at Hendon, I think it is probably true that many of those who would otherwise attend the Display satisfy their craving for aeronautical entertainment at Empire Air Day. But perhaps the solution to the problem of letting the Benevolent Fund get the maximum possible benefit will be to abolish the Hendon Display altogether and to concentrate upon building up Empire Air Day on an ever larger scale.

Lady Hadow is the widow of Sir Austen Hadow, who was formerly President of the Railway Board in India and who died in 1932. The perfectly charming garden seen in the picture is at Alresford, Hants



LADY HADOW IN HER HAMPSHIRE GARDEN

A recital by Adila Fachiri and Dino Borgioli will be given at Rutland House, Rutland Gardens, S.W.7 (kindly lent by Mrs. St. Clair Anstruther), to-night (June 9) at 9.15 p.m., in aid of the Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland, an organisation which exists for the furtherance of medical work in Labrador and Newfoundland. The founder and superintendent is Sir Wilfred Grenfell, K.C.M.G.

This England . . .



Eldersfield, Gloucestershire

IN what lies the fascination of a farmhouse—is it the cosy grouping of byre and barn, or the sudden sense of home in the midst of the wild? Or is it, at the last, that here is a little centre of creation, a headquarters, as it were, of that rhythm by which we all live and have our being? For here is the homestead of one who brings from the earth, each in its season, root and grain, black-stockinged lamb and stiff-kneed calf, with all that they imply. No matter; it is deeply satisfying, as are all good things that spring from right handling of the soil—and the rich-malted barley and fragrant hops in your Worthington are not the least of these.



ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 506

programme and a logical (as opposed to Hore-Belisha's emotional) approach to the problems of accident prevention.

* * *

Food.

When one observes, as one can observe at almost any wayside inn, English people sitting down to meals composed of repulsive-looking pieces of cold meat entirely surrounded by caustic concoctions poured out of bottles, one despairs of ever seeing an improvement in cooking and eating standards in this country. And this gloomy view is strengthened when one notices that women in general regard cooking as a drudgery. So long as the eaters are incapable of criticising or appreciating food, and so long as women regard cooking as a drudgery, so long shall we be condemned to the ineptitude of the average English hotel—to its callous disregard for all the finer points of taste and sensual satisfaction. I feel, too, that there is something religious about our bad food and bad cooking. A meal which delights, refreshes and invigorates is regarded as "sinful," whereas revolting pieces of dead matter, torn out of tins and flung upon plates, are "good." It is a relic of the reverse-gear thinking of puritanism, which looks upon anything that is bad for the body as good for the soul.

Certainly the soul is the only thing for which the meals I had during a recent tour of the Midlands could have been good. I deliberately avoided the places I knew and experimented—with devastating results. In England you cannot go by the look of a place; you do not know what sort of a meal you are going to get until it is before you—and then it is too late. Let me plead with our hotel keepers on the roads to try to do better. When the roads are bordered with trees, hedgerows and flowers which give intense sensual delight, it is a gross dereliction of duty to give wayfarers meals which insult the senses. As an aid to finding places where meals are meals, and not rubbish, I can recommend the new edition of "Signpost," McMinnies' book. It helps.

Racing.

Much racing news has been pouring in lately, but too little notice was taken of H. B. Prestwich's victory on the Carrigrohane Circuit in the International Cork Race. In this event only five cars finished, two M.G.s, two Alfa-Romeos and one E.R.A. Prestwich's car was a 1,087 c.c. M.G. Magnette and his average speed for the course of 210 miles was 76.33 m.p.h.

Rileys have a busy programme of racing in front of them. It includes participation in the 12 hours race at Donington on July 24, the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy, also at Donington this year, on September 4, and the B.R.D.C. 500 miles race on September 18. In the French Grand Prix four Rileys will run in the 1,500 c.c. class. They will be handled by private owners. Riley cars have won the Tourist Trophy three times and have twice finished first in the 500 miles race at Brooklands.

* * *

Ferries.

People taking their cars to Germany and thereabouts should bear in mind the advantages of the Townsend Ferries on the Calais-Dover service.

* * *

A Pageant Play presenting scenes from the French Revolution and the life of Sophie Dawes will be held in the grounds of Bure Homage, Mudeford, near Christchurch, on July 14, 17, 21, and 24. The scenes to be given cover the 1780 to 1830 period, and the many characters play their parts in an exceptionally appropriate setting, for Bure Homage was built by the notorious Sophie Dawes, afterwards Baronne de Feuchères, who flourished in the early nineteenth century. There will be both afternoon and evening performances of the Pageant Play. The object behind this four-day presentation is a most excellent one. It is to raise at least £500 for Christchurch Priory, in order to reduce capital debts of £2,541 and to carry out very necessary structural repairs. Seats for the afternoon performances range from 5s. to 1s.; in the evenings they are even cheaper. Enquiries to Mr. Lindsay Jones, 26, Clifton Road, Southbourne, Hants. Telephone, Southbourne 948.



HEAD OF THE RIVER

Mr. M. S. Ashby, Captain of the New College crew which won the Headship of the River at Oxford Summer Eights, photographed with the reward of victory. M. S. Ashby rowed in this year's victorious Oxford Eight

The heritage of 37 years of fine car building

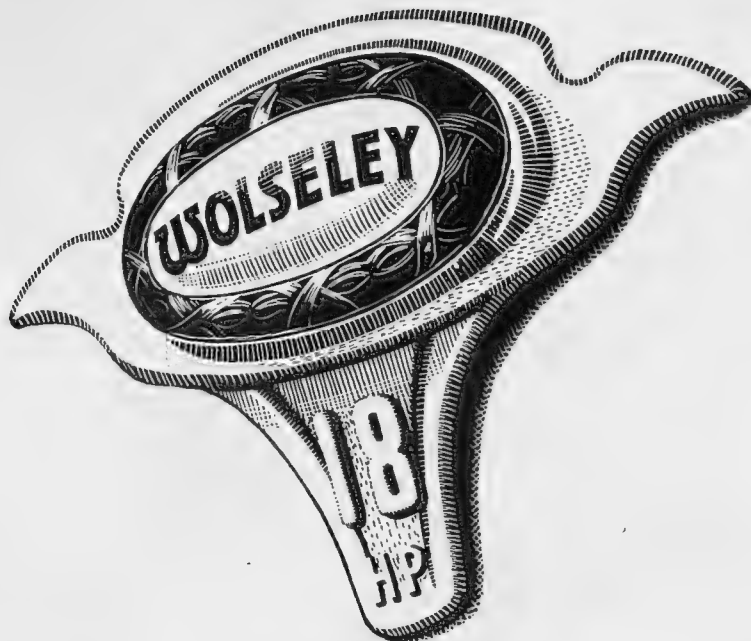
The testimony of motoring's most critical connoisseurs has brought the name of Packard to signify the height of motoring luxury. Traditional dignity of style and thrilling agility of performance make the magnificent Packard "120" a worthy member of a famous family. And in the precision of its powerful eight-cylinder engine is an assurance of economy that is a revelation among medium-priced cars. PACKARD "120" SALOON - £499

PACKARD



LEONARD WILLIAMS & CO. LTD.
(Sole Concessionaires for Packard Cars)
London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley St., W.1
Scottish Depot: Corstorphine Road,
Murrayfield, Edinburgh. Works: Great
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A Badge of Motoring Supremacy

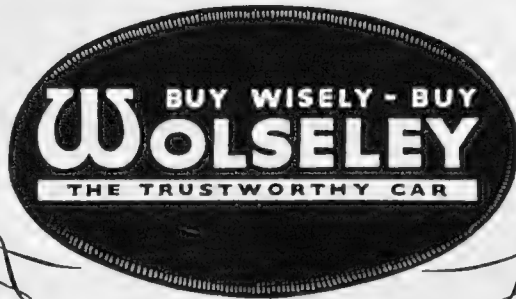
In any procession of cars, you'll find the Wolseley 18/80 pretty near the front, quietly, safely and inevitably slipping into the lead. Its owner is a safe driver because he never needs to show off. His foot controls a surge of acceleration and a reserve of sustained power that has the quiet assurance of good

breeding. Smooth suspension (automatically softened or highly damped according to the road surface)—and effortless steering give him the assurance, also, of perfect control—of the car, of himself and of any situation. His mastery of the road is all the more complete for being unobtrusive, silent and well-mannered.



THE WOLSELEY 18/80

Develops 80 b.h.p.
80 m.p.h. on top.
70 all day.
Rest to 50 in 16.5 secs.
Automatic "Ride Control."
Dual Carburation systems.



and all other Wolseley's successful features and equipment including Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall jacks. Choice of 2 body styles. Saloon £290. Salon de Ville £330.

(prices ex works).

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. WARD END, BIRMINGHAM. 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

FASHION has a new atmosphere, and Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have interpreted it to suit women of generous and dignified proportions. It is not quite so straight, so absolutely simple of line, and does not slavishly follow the figure; women may, if they like, suggest that they possess a waistline. The graceful lines of the model on this page cannot fail to appeal to the woman who understands the art of dressing well. The dress is of bright marine blue crêpe Margaret enriched with shaded diamanté embroidery, while the cape is lined with the palest magnolia pink Duchesse satin; as a matter of fact, it may be described as off-white, so subtle is the tinting. And the price of the ensemble is fifteen guineas. Another evening affair for the same price was of cloud grey marocain, the bolero coatee being reinforced with angel sleeves, which greatly increased its charm. A feature is likewise made of lace frocks with shaped lace coatees for five guineas, and there are distinctive garden-party frocks for ten



Picture by Blake



Where Fashion decrees... **YARDLEY LAVENDER**



The colonel's dahlias have taken a first again, but admiration goes most of all to his lovely daughters, flowerlike in their freshness and beauty. As if bestowed by Nature, the simple fragrance of Yardley Lavender harmonises perfectly with their gay charm, and it is their chosen perfume for all occasions save the most formal.

Indispensable to their petal-smooth complexions is the Yardley Lavender Soap, the Luxury Soap of the World. Its soft mellow lather softens and refines the skin, and gives that gentle efficient cleansing which is the first step in all sound methods of Beauty Culture.

Lavender in Sprinkler Bottles, Stoppered Bottles and Decanters 2/6 to 2 guineas, Lavender Soap —2/6 box of 3 tablets, Lavender Face Powder 1/9, Complexion Cream 3/6, Compacts and Vanities 2/6 to 10/6, etc. etc. [Prices do not apply in I.F.S.]

FOR SUMMER DAYS



THERE is a wonderful fascination about the American shop on the second floor of Selfridge's, Oxford Street. Fashions for the warm weather have been carefully considered, and so have the exchequers of those whose pin-money is limited. For instance, there are printed cotton frocks of the Tyrolean character for 16s. 11d.; others with simulated basques are a guinea



A NOVELTY that is sure to please is the "dairyman's smock" on the left, or, as it is more often called, the "leisure coat"; in this particular instance it is of pillar-box red cotton patterned with fox terriers, and costs one guinea. There are others showing incidents inspired by that successful book, "Gone With the Wind"; these cost thirty shillings



INDIVIDUALITY is expressed in every line of the simple American frock at the top of the page on the left. The fabricating medium has the appearance of embroidered sheer chiffon; it really is charming, and the cost comes as a great surprise too, as it is merely four and a half guineas—this includes the neat turn-down collar and flower at the waist. Multi-coloured striped chiffon has been used for the frock above, with its neat puff sleeves and narrow belt—a lovely dress for the holidays. There are many variations on these themes for all occasions in the pleasant little American shop



**"I see
you've moved,
Jane Seymour!"**

"What a charming place you have here!" said a woman who came to my new Salon at 22 Grosvenor Street. "It's modern, yet so pretty and unterrifying. I generally read your advertisements, but I never knew you were going to move."

"I simply had to," I said. "We quite grew out of Woodstock Street. The number of women who seem to prefer my treatments has increased out of all knowledge during the past year."

"Well, I'm not one of them," she said. "This is my first visit to a beauty salon."

"One would hardly believe it to look at your skin," I said. "It's in very good condition."

"How nice to hear that!" she said. "As a matter of fact I've been using your Cleansing Cream, Juniper Skin

Tonic and Orange Skin Food for some time. But I thought I'd like to have a Salon treatment from you—just to put the finishing touch!"

About three-quarters of an hour later she emerged from the hands of my expert—looking simply radiant.

"I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life!" she said. "Why didn't I come before? I'd got it into my head that Salon treatments were rather a luxury. I'll never make that mistake again!"

I do hope my friends at home and overseas will follow her example when they are in town. We can do so much for your skin here, in such a short time. Also, I'm feeling terribly house-proud and it would be such a pleasure to show you round my new Salon. The address is: Jane Seymour Limited, 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 3712.

Jane Seymour 21-22 GROSVENOR STREET, BOND STREET



Trade Mark

FAVOURERD BY FASHION



SMART accessories add the crowning touch to a smart ensemble, and a well-clad foot walks far along the road to success. The shoes pictured on this page have crossed the Atlantic and may be seen in the Dolcis showrooms, 29-31, Brompton Road. Starting from the top right-hand corner, is a sandal walking shoe in white buckskin and blue calf, with a cut-out vamp, for 65s. 9d. A low Cuban heel and perforated facings distinguish the pair below for 35s., while another version of the buckskin walking sandal, with an ankle strap, completes the trio on this side.

FOR more formal occasions, Dolcis have designed the group on the left in white buckskin. A charming "broderie anglaise" design is introduced across the vamp of the "pump" or Court shoe which heads the column and costs 65s. 9d. It is also available in black or navy suède, and is very flattering to large feet. Porthole punching relieves the simplicity of the sandal below it with Spanish heel and adjustable ankle strap, while something new in toeless shoes is seen on the left for 35s. It is designed for easy walking, and built with a high laced front to support the foot, and a moderate Cuban heel



Monte Carlo Day—Accent on Sophistication

Although we went to bed nearer dawn than dusk, we arrive at the pool by midday, to bathe a little, to watch the energetic ones diving and aquaplaning and water-ski-ing.

Everyone is there: we drink very cold cocktails and talk gossip and gambling.

We lunch in the loggia: such good food that we forget our diet. We sit in the shade afterwards, with bezique, backgammon, a book.

When the heat abates, we drive an hour or so in the mountains, or play a mild round of golf. We visit our friends in their villas, or meet them at the Hotel de Paris.

Much, much later we dine at the Summer Sporting: it's a gala night, and we watch the divine fireworks which make us feel like children again.

Result: our gambling is more childish than usual. Bankrupt but happy, we dance and play our luck till dawn.



When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two **Beach Hotels** right down by the sea, and the famous **Hotel de Paris** in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the **Beach Restaurant** and dinner at the **Summer Sporting**.

About the **Summer Sporting Club** where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-ski-ing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the **Country Club's** twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of **Mont Agel**.

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the **Grand Prix** around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "**Sun Beach**" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.



A PLACE IN THE SUN

How Fashion Travels South

"LOOKING FORWARD" to the holidays is the pleasant subject of the thoughts of many, swiftly followed by the dress problem. The latter becomes quite a simple affair when a visit is paid to the pleasant salons of Madame Corot, 33, Old Bond Street. The fashions are charming, the prices just right, while an easy system of payment by instalments prevails. A trio of suits is portrayed on this page. The three-piece affair on the left is expressed in a new white crêpe fabric with red yoke, pockets and stripes down the sides, the bolero coatee being trimmed in a similar manner. Then, as price has ever to be considered, it must be stated that it is six guineas. All interested in the subject must write for the up-to-date brochure which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it contains an admirable forecast of coming fashions, including frocks and suits for summer holidays

SOMETHING different and modish is the suit in the centre of the page. Crêpe also is the fabricating medium; the skirt and bolero are of a lovely shade of larkspur blue, while the white jumper has the last word in fastenings and tabs that button on to the bolero. It is five and a half guineas. More important in character is the suit on the right, carried out in a heavy white crêpe; telling touches of colour are introduced by the red scarf and belt. The back of the coat is very ingenious and has been described as the 1937 variation of the Norfolk jacket; this is a sound investment for six and a half guineas. For the débutante there are downright charming Tyrolean coatees for fifteen shillings, those of sharkskin being three and a half guineas—but then they are enriched with bright embroidery. The design may take the form of a pack of cards, fruit or flowers

Come to France



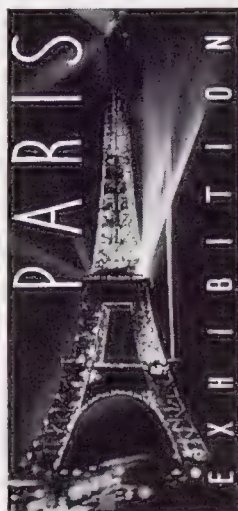
The land of quaint costumes and customs, of legend and history, of castles and cathedrals, of golden sands and lovely bays. Spend a real holiday, fashionable or informal, where life is so different and the climate so bracing.

BRITTANY • NORMANDY • PICARDY

Special reduced week-end (no passport) and 17-day Holiday Tickets issued on certain days of the week. **DON'T FORGET** that with the "Carte de Légitimation" you **GET 50% REDUCTION IN RAILWAY FARES** if you visit PARIS and its EXHIBITION for at least 5 days, and the whole of France becomes your playground.

50% REDUCTION IN RAILWAY FARES THROUGHOUT FRANCE. For further information,

also details of special REDUCED week-end (no passport) and 17-day HOLIDAY TICKETS, Family Tickets, with 75% REDUCTION for the third and subsequent persons, conditions of free rail transport of cars in France, etc., apply to FRENCH RAILWAYS—NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, W.1, the S.R. Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.



where your £ is worth more

FACIAL REJUVENATION BY ELECTRO-TONIC TREATMENTS



These most remarkable treatments surpass anything before discovered for rejuvenating the face and throat and also for restoring vitality to fatigued young faces.

Hollows under the eyes, wrinkled eyelids, the nose-mouth-and-chin grooves, the blurring of the fine-edge of the jaws and the shrivelled throat or double chin can now be corrected by localised ELECTRO-TONIC TREATMENTS, which are also beneficial and soothing to the whole nervous system.

The ELECTRO-TONIC TREATMENTS so stimulate the circulation that flaccid tissues and muscles are rebuilt and made firm again. They are thus enabled to give strong support to the skin which also regains its youthful tension. Consequently lines are eliminated and contours become clean-cut, young again. And the skin regains its fine texture and clear tone.

Consultations are without charge regarding these new treatments and also Helena Rubinstein's well-known scientific methods of removing warts, moles, congested veins and superfluous hair. Telephone Regent 5232 for an appointment or write for advice.

REJUVENATION AT HOME

THE HORMONE TWIN YOUTHIFYING CREAMS. • Unique biological discovery containing the hormones of youth. Their vital, glandular essences work inter-actively to bring new youth to dry, wrinkled, ageing skin, or drab young skin, stimulating skin and tissue renewal, and rebuilding worn-out cells, achieving a veritable rejuvenation. Set 2½ and 4½ gns.

FOR A GLAMOROUS MAKE-UP

Fashionable lips are now wearing a vibrant, glowing red as rich as velvet. It is the flattering new colour in Lustrous Lipsticks—RED VELVET! Wear it day or evening to give your lips a smooth, young gleam and lustre, 6/6. Match it with the new Biological Rouge, 4/6, 7/6. And to keep your make-up dewy fresh all day, begin with the protective, flattering Town and Country Foundation, 4/6, 8/6: finish with warm-toned, adherent luminous Peaches and Cream Powder, 6/6 to 2/11.

helena rubinstein

24 GRAFTON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1
PARIS NEW YORK

All the Helena Rubinstein preparations are on sale at the best stores

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 493

an eyelid: "Ar-ar-ar-ar-nold, 'ow.cuk-cuk-cuk-cuk-can 'e juj-juj-juj-juj-jump?"

And that's all the change he got. So why be so nasty to the witch doctor? There are many worse than he.

Those who have read Major R. C. Simpson's introduction to dry-fly fishing will need no urging to read "Fish and Find Out" (Black, 15s.), and they won't have to fish deep to find out what a highly entertaining book it is and how comprehensive is the author's knowledge. Salmon fishing and its preliminaries; Gillies, gaffs and gadgets; fish sense; a system for wet-fly choice; nymphing; sea trout and "slobbering"; high lights of dry-fly fishing; mayfly and mother nature; the "short rise"; the art of upstream worming—these are a few of the subjects on which Major Simpson writes with wit, wisdom and a pleasant absence of dogmatism. "Fish and Find Out" is admirably illustrated by G. D. Armour and includes many lively anecdotes. Here is one concerned with "slob" trout—which the author describes as "ordinary brown trout with salty ideas"—and a self-appointed fishing authority in Southern Ireland:

"'Me darlin' man' offered to drive three of us to a reputed slob trout water, and suggested as the right and propitious day a date some five or six days ahead. I must admit that we couldn't tumble to his reasoning for this 'advance booking' plan and said so to him. With all that marvellous wealth of innuendo which only a Southern Irishman can produce behind a hand raised to cover a pre-winked whisper, came this answer and explanation all in one: 'Isn't ut meself that has got a telegram from O'Donovan and doesn't he live on the

wather and his father before him?' And being all three of us English, did we believe him? Yes, of course we did. How could any living soul do otherwise? So, on the appointed day, off we all went, 'Me darlin' man' driving his mare while we three perched ourselves on his rattling old jaunting car. Away we went over the rough roads, down dale and over the hills.

"'I never see a better day for thim slob trout in all me loife,' says our Jehu, looking up at the murky clouds.

"'I've never seen a worse day for being stuck up in the rain on your blessed old outside car affair,' responded one of us.

"'If I don't be driving too fast we'll just be getting there at the right toime,' says our whip, pulling up the mare into an ambling trot. We duly arrived, we duly fished, and we unduly caught absolutely nothing. The tide conditions could not possibly have been misjudged

worse. It was only when wet through and half-way home that the truth leaked out. 'Me darlin' man's' mare between the shafts had won a 'flapper' point-to-point race during our fishing activities that afternoon and Master O'Donovan was her jockey! Yes, the tide was just right that particular day—for the local race meeting! Ah, dear! but could one be angry with that sort of fellow—impossible. . . . 'And when there's no racin'—'twill be Ireland no more.'"

Among Major Simpson's wrinkles for dry-fly fishing are the following: "In trying out different flies to attract 'smutting' fish, it is better not to oil them and to 'mud' the cast. An inspecting fish should be treated to the same fly again, but smaller in size, before changing to another pattern. A hazy staining of the gut cast is preferable to either a continuous staining or a mottled one. An elderberry leaf's juice through which the cast is lightly passed will, amongst other dodges, bring about this haziness."



A DESPERATE TUG OF WAR FOR THE FILMS

Two of the Maharana of Yudaipur's elephants in an exhibition "spar" for two new German-made films, *The Indian Tomb* and *The Tiger of Eshmapur*, which are being directed by Richard Eichberg and ought to be exciting if the rest is like the above



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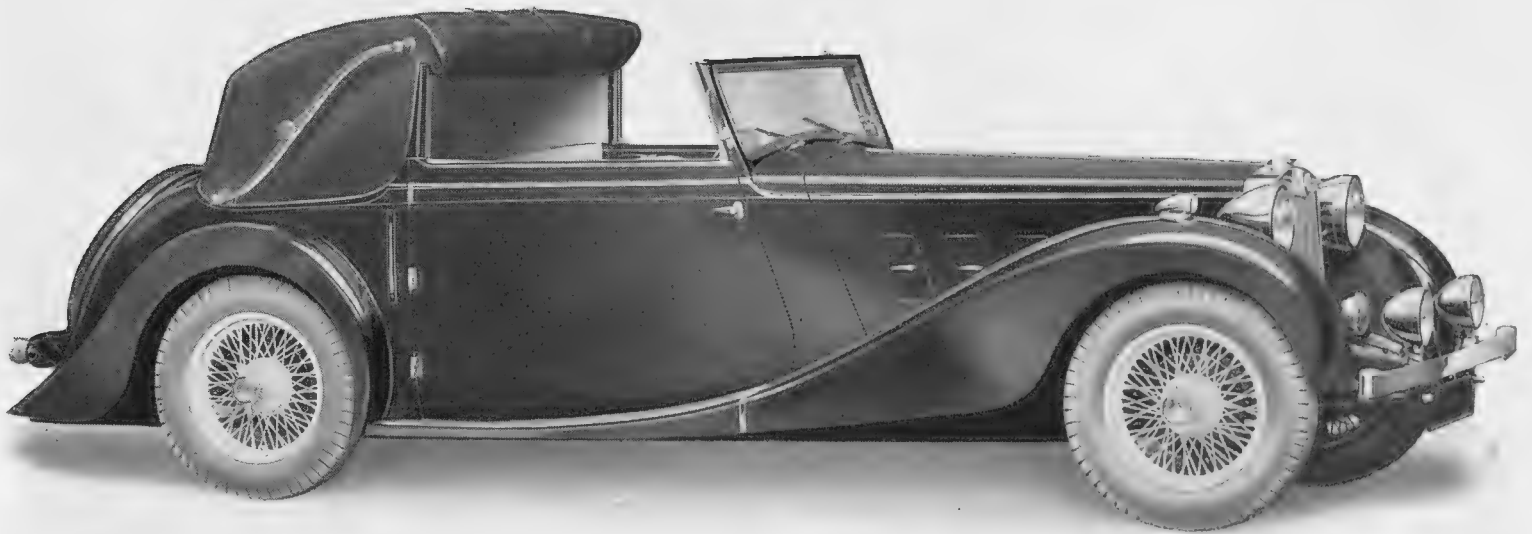
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Polo Notes—continued from p. 494

subsequent Internationals). You can hunt back a bit and find a few more quite easily, but of recent years the average civilian team is new almost every year, barring the "owner," and perhaps one other. This is one of the reasons why I do not take much notice of the early form of Goulburn after nothing like enough practice, even though the Four Winds did put them out.

It is also not necessary to take the Four Winds' form at Roehampton as final. They are all new acquaintances and they have not yet knitted themselves into a team, but are well on the way. Here are the names: Captain B. J. Fowler (R.H.A.), who in the view of many ought to have been England's No. 1 last year; Mr. H. H. Hughes (England's actual No. 1 last year); Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer (9th Lancers and reserve for England last year); and Captain H. P. Guinness (Scots Greys and twice an International). It will be of much interest to see how this team shapes. It started by being four high-goal players, three of whom know their drill very well. As to other highlights, it is a bit difficult to discuss what was a good team at Roehampton, The Jaguars, because Mr. Winston Guest may be going back to America very shortly owing to the much-lamented death of his father, the late Captain the Hon. Freddie Guest, but as the team stood when they beat The Knaves 9 to 6 it was formidable, even though the Hon. Keith Rous is only a "3." The rest were Mr. G. Balding (8), International, and in great shape; Mr. W. F. C. Guest (8), American International; and Mr. S. Sanford (6), the redoubtable American "Hurricane." As Mr. Rous is learning this game very quickly, this side, if it remained together, would not be by any means of the three legs and a swinger order. It is almost certain that it will not be like it is now.

Bhopal, on account of all the season's disadvantages, are not as well together as they ought to be, but they may be the real obstacle in the path of anyone hoping to annex the Championship, all the same, though you



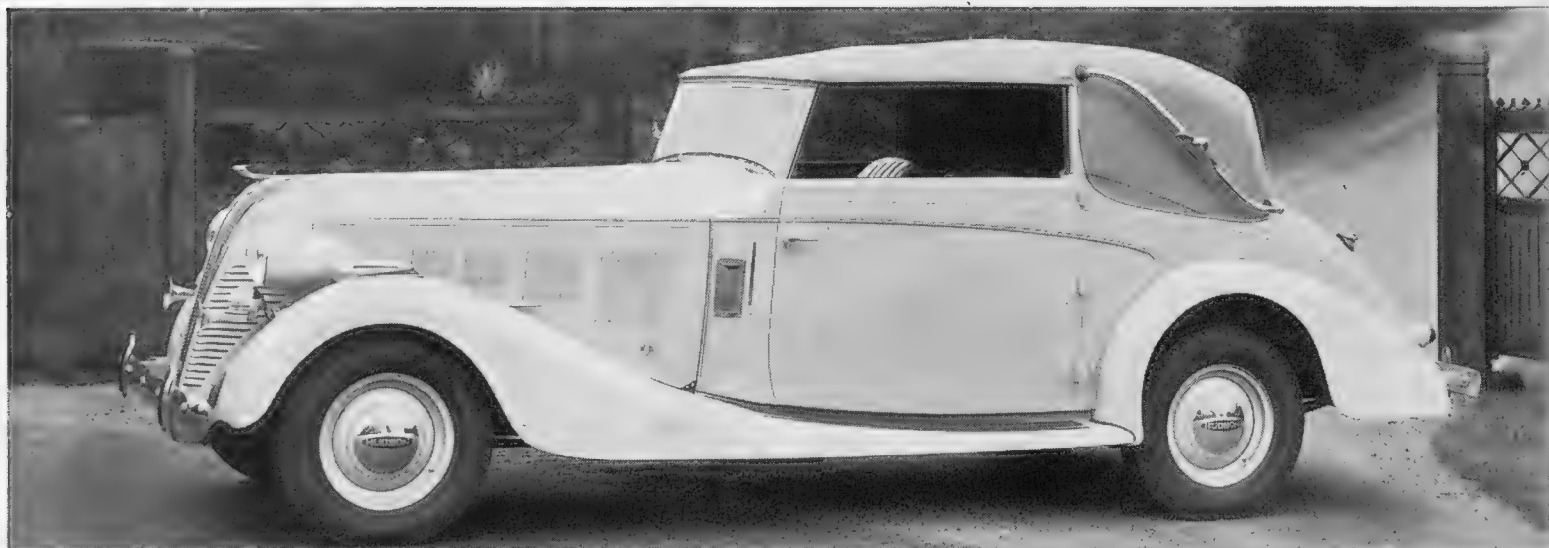
MRS. JACK DEWAR AT EPSOM FIRST DAY

A sunny picture on a sunny day of the charming wife of Mr. Jack Dewar whose Cameronian won the Derby in 1931. Lord Astor's Cash Book, much fancied but unplaced in this year's race, is by Cameronian out of Volume, both No. 1 Family, Bruce Lowe's figures

never can tell, and Goulburn, for one, and these Four Winds for another, might be quite as dangerous when in real trim. Everything always hangs upon how soon a team shakes down. The Goulburn people are far from strangers to one another, and not one of them looks as if he were riding the other chap's pony, but they are not yet as happy as they ought to be. The Four Winds are four very distinguished strangers. You cannot make a team in just a few weeks. The Americans have been very politely dinning that into our ears for a long time, but we have never paid all the attention we should have done. As to the Bhopal team, it looks as if in the Kumar Prithi Singh the Nawab has managed to collect a real peach of a No. 1, and with a star of the magnitude of Hanut as the pivot of the side and ponies fast enough to catch pigeons, if they get half a chance of the practice they understand, they are apt to make the fur fly a bit. The Nawab himself seems in very good shape and in good heart, and so does Captain H. C. Walford, the 17th-21st Lancer, who is the No. 2 behind Prithi Singh. Captain Walford's position in the regimental side of which he is the skipper is No. 3, and in that great battle in the Indian Inter-Regimental he was going great guns. On time it was a dead-heat. The 15th won 8-7 after extra time. It is, incidentally, sad news to hear that the 15th Lancers, who have won the Indian Inter-Regimental, are to be broken up and turned into a training depot. They are lucky, I suppose, not to have been put on wheels, as have so many more fine horse regiments. Wheels can't go everywhere, and they seem to have found a weapon in Spain that stops them getting anywhere. However, this is not, perhaps, polo, even though war is a fair imitation of it.

I still believe that we shall find Goulburn very near the top-end in the final reckoning, for the reason stated so often, namely, that they are, and have been, a team for much longer than anything else in the way. That means so much. In any case it looks as if we shall have a very hot engagement in all the big cups, and if only the weather holds up and gives them a chance these very good teams will give the public a grand show for their money.

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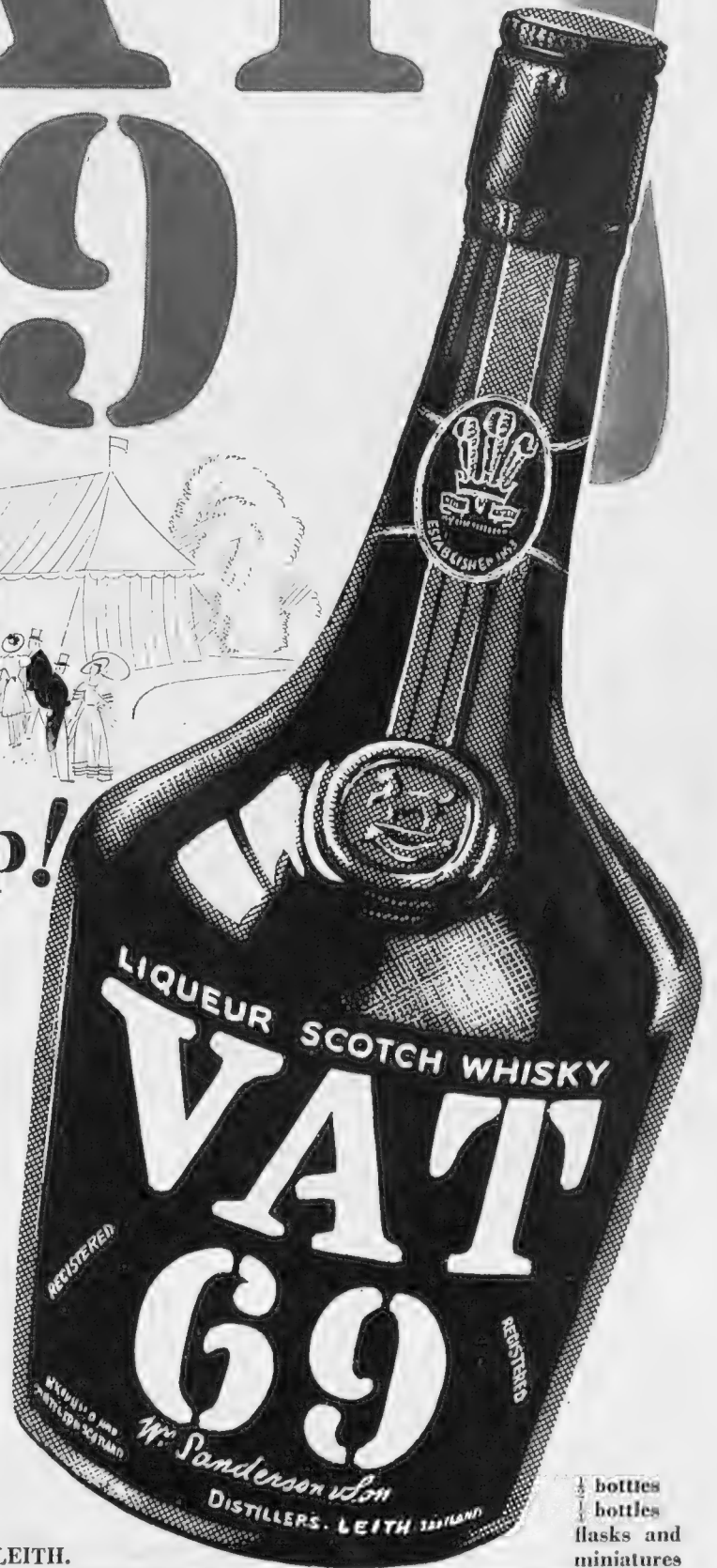
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The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Hunter, of Hare Hatch Grange, Twyford, Berks, who is to marry Mr. H. E. C. Lushington, the eldest son of Sir Herbert Lushington, Bt., of Chichester, and the late Mrs. Lushington

Brompton; and on July 12 there is the marriage between Lieut.-Commander Alick Matheson and Miss Mary Heywood Lonsdale, which will take place at St. Mary's Church, Twyford, Bucks.

Weddings Abroad.

The marriage between Lieutenant John Longdon, Royal Navy, and Miss Naomi Molson will take place at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on June 22; Mr. Malcolm Bromley Jenkins, The North Staffordshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's), and Miss Leslie Jean Perkin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Perkin, of Bognor Regis, are being married in India on July 14; and the marriage will take place in Athens in August between Mr. David Francis Pawson and Miss Pamela d'Avigdor Nathan

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Shortly.

On June 18, the marriage will take place quietly in London between Mr. N. M. Seddon-Brown and Miss Clare Le Mar; on the next day Mr. Andrew Carden, A.R.I.B.A., of 28, Coleherne Court, S.W., marries Miss Katharine Cross, of East London, South Africa; at Chelsea Old Church; Mr. Frederic Maitland Wright and Miss Cicely Stella (Star) Wedgwood are to be married quietly at Beaulieu Church on June 30; on July 6, Captain James Francis Scott McLaren, The Black Watch, of 34, Carlisle Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W., is marrying Miss Anne Huddleston at Holy Trinity Church.



Claude Harris

MISS JUNE HARRISON-BROADLEY

Who is engaged to Mr. John Wyndham Malet, 10th Royal Hussars, the only son of the late Major H. W. Malet, 18th Hussars, and Mrs. Malet. Miss Harrison-Broadley is the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Harrison-Broadley, of Welton House, Brough, East Yorks

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Herbert Bernard Hutton, the younger son of Mr. C. H. Hutton, M.I.C.E., and of Mrs. Hutton, of the White House, Great Witley, Worcester, and Miss Marion Aglen, the elder daughter of the late Sir Francis Aglen, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., formerly Inspector General of Chinese Maritime Customs, and of the late Lady Aglen, and step-daughter of Lady Aglen, of Burnside, Aylth, Perthshire; Mr. Robert Rodger Bate Truscott (I.P.), Madras Presidency, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. E. Truscott, of Trivandrum, South India, and Miss Joan Paltridge, the only daughter of Mr. Reginald Paltridge and the late Mrs. Paltridge, of Woodthorpe, Colham, Surrey; Captain Eric Duncan Newell, 7th Rajput Regiment, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Newell, of Egham, Surrey, and Miss Patty Barchard, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Francis Caesar Barchard and Mrs. F. C. Barchard, of Mant Cottage, Rogate, Sussex; Lieut.-Commander Julius John Casement, the eldest son of Admiral and Mrs. J. M. Casement, of Orchards, Pulborough; Sussex (late of Cronroe, Wicklow), and Miss Margaret Mary Willis Price, the younger daughter of Canon J. Willis and Mrs. Price, of Croughton Rectory, Brackley, Northamptonshire; Mr. Maurice Mitchell Hegg, son of Mrs. Mitchell Hegg, of Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, and the late Major F. R. Mitchell Hegg, R.A.M.C., and Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Martin Wood, of Newport, Mon.



Vandyk

MRS. W. R. A. YOUNG

Who, before her marriage last week to Mr. W. R. A. Young, was Miss Brynhild Brough, the second daughter of Mr. Arthur Brough and the late Mrs. Brough, of Ealing



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the never-ceasing endeavour for improvement (in which Chrysler has ever been ahead) but there is a profound pride in the unchanging principles of automobile engineering that are embodied in Chryslers today as when the first Chrysler was built.

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LADIES' KENNEL

There seems to be no end to the introduction of foreign breeds to this country. Their course is interesting. In some cases the breeds, though probably all right in their own country, are not as good or useful as those we already have here, and die out after a short time. There are others which are well "boosted" and go on chiefly as show specimens, but which never really are taken to our hearts. Then there is the last class, which "fills a long-felt want" and becomes one of us. Prominent in this category is the Dachshund, which, introduced from Germany sixty years ago, is now one of our best known breeds. Other foreign importations which have established themselves are the Chow, the Pom and the Pekinese. I do not refer to later importations on purpose. In the case where British breeds have gone under it is usually owing to the ceasing of the work for which they were specialised, and in some cases to the overdoing of fancy "points," to the detriment of the activity of the breed. This latter danger is still with us.

Mrs. Payne Gallwey has a small kennel of Cairns, but has done extremely well; she has bred at least two champions. Having so few, each puppy gets individual attention, which makes all the difference. She has had Cairns for a long time, so all her dogs are of true type. She has several for sale at present, including the dog whose photograph we give, Knippton Houla, ten months old, winner at Crufts this year; his mother is the delightful Ch. Knippton Tibbie. There is also his litter sister, a red brindle, for sale. Another is a red brindle bitch ten months old, not a show specimen but will make a charming companion, and is for sale cheap. All these are strong, healthy and bold, afraid of nothing.



KNIPTON HOULA

The property of Mrs. Payne Gallwey

That very attractive dog, the Sussex Spaniel, was one of the breeds which were rather neglected for



SUSSEX SPANIELS

The property of Miss Wigg

ASSOCIATION NOTES

some years. Now he has come into his own again. A sterling worker, specially good in thick coverts and hedgerows, he is very handsome, a lovely chestnut, and makes a particularly good companion. Miss Wigg is doing very well with her Sussex and finds them increasingly popular. Her team, shown here, includes Hornhill Buckle, one championship; Rowena, 1st prize at her first show at 11 months; Miranda, 3 championships; and Warasso, 4 championships. Miss Wigg has some lovely pups ready to sell now.

The Bull Terrier is in great demand both for show and as a companion; in the latter capacity he is a splendid guard, and he is also a strong, hardy dog, specially suited to life in hot countries. Miss Graham Weall's

Bull Terriers are well known to us, and she sends a photograph of a group of most alluring puppies. She says: "We have three white dogs and three white bitches for sale, some very good indeed, especially one dog and one bitch; they are ten weeks old, well bred, and prices reasonable. We have also a brindle dog, nearly a year old, well made, good-tempered, but undershot, so cheap to a good home. There is a litter of very young brindles, too."

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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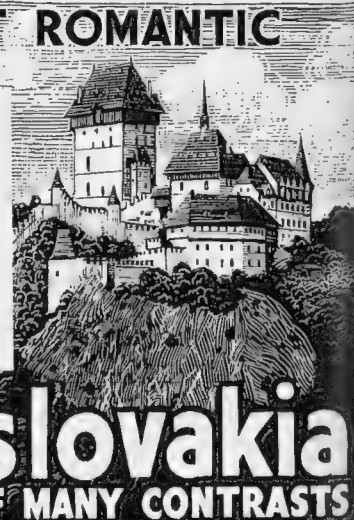
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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 496

refusal to allow Perry to practise with his old Davis Cup team mates in order to speed up their game and give them a target, or to coach any likely youngsters that come to his notice during his provincial tour now scheduled.

After Austin's straight-set defeat by Henkel in the Paris Championships, it is only too obvious that the Englishman has not been getting sufficient opposition in his own country since Perry's departure to sharpen his weapons for Wimbledon. Perry's offer, therefore, would have been a godsend. Again, it has been the sad cry for five years now: Where are the budding Perrys and Austins to take the place of the leaders one day? And now if Perry discovers one, say, in Liverpool or Birmingham, he must not even play a game with the boy, as Tilden would do, for fear of losing his protégé his amateur status, through playing with a professional not attached to an affiliated club. Could red tape go farther in its abortive entanglements?

Let's give it up—before we lose our tempers completely. The irony of it all is that, although I am prepared to attack the attitude of the L.T.A. to the last ditch towards professionalism, I cannot honestly say that I enjoyed the match between Perry and Vines at Wembley a quarter as much as I should have done had it been played on the centre court at Wimbledon. And no one could accuse me of tennis snobbery! Indeed, I went to the match, the first of the trio, in high hopes of seeing a magnificent encounter, a needle encounter, as the jargon of tennis reporters has it, between the two greatest players in the world to-day. And what I saw instead was a five-set knock up in which there was an abundance of beautiful shots, as well as an abundance of bad ones, but there seemed to be no connection between the shots themselves, either the good or the bad ones and the progress of the match itself. The players served in turn, changed ends, made gestures of exasperation, received salvos of applause from time to time, paused to wipe their faces with towels at the court side, thereby registering the strain of standing up under the arc lights in an atmosphere full of tobacco smoke and circus minds, for two hours at a stretch, but in some strange way the whole performance lacked both reality and glamour, so that you were neither excited by the progress of the game nor bowled over by the personalities of the performers themselves. Often, in the theatre or cinema, one does not care for the plot of the piece, but is reconciled by the charm of the protagonists. I always feel that and always shall when Tilden is on court. He is such a barn-stormer; he oozes glamour and personality and showman-

ship from every pore. He never looks like a tired, very hot veteran, struggling to cover up with every trick of technique his waning powers as a player. Instead he always looks the complete master, and even when he loses, as he did at Wembley to Nusslein, I still felt that it was simply a friendly gesture of encouragement to a lesser player on his part.

For this reason I think the management made a mistake to bill Tilden so small on the programme, and expect Vines and Perry to fill that huge arena on their reputations alone. I don't know whether the place was fuller on the Saturday night, but certainly for the opening match there were huge blocks of seats almost empty, and perhaps it was this barrenness that had a depressing effect on the players themselves, so that they couldn't believe in the reality of their match either. Perry uses the same mannerisms as in his amateur days. He still bounces the ball nervously when waiting to serve, still plucks incessantly at his shirt, still shakes his racquet angrily at the net when his opponent registers a net-cord, but, somehow, these mannerisms no longer possess any underlying excitement or meaning, as they did in the old days. Now they rather seem to be simply part of the performance of an actor who, ironically, does not seem so expert at "doing his stuff" as in the days before he turned professional. And I missed, too, the miraculous way in which Perry would sweep his forehand away to the corners, taking the ball almost half-volley in his eagerness to reach the net. Now he is content to play almost every rally from the back of the court, hitting the ball conventionally from side to side, and seldom varying his length or pace. For my own part, I became so bored long before the match was over that my eyes wandered everywhere, away from the court, finding amusement in the dinner-jacket costume affected by the linesmen, the advertisements flashed in turn on one wall like the signs at Piccadilly Circus, and the sight of a host of men and women sitting at one end of the stadium, eating course after course of an elaborate dinner, only troubling to glance at the tennis below when they were waiting for the waiters to change their plates. It made me rather sick to watch them. There was something curiously indecent about the tableau, reminding me of the days of the Colosseum at Rome, when Christians were thrown to the lions as part of a circus act; reminding me, too, of the day when that very great actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, found herself playing a sketch at the Coliseum in London before a performing seals act. And the sea lions made such a monstrous din that no one could hear Mrs. Campbell's magnificent histrionics until the day that she sneaked behind the scenes with a large parcel of fish in the voluminous folds of her dress, and fed those wretched animals to repletion.

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THE WHEREFORE OF THE WYE



SIR HOLBURT WARING



Photos : Truman Howell
MAJOR THE HON. ARTHUR
HAMILTON-RUSSELL FISHING
THE WYE



MAJOR SIR BROGRAVE BEAUCHAMP, M.P.

The single word "salmon" is sufficient *raison d'être* for the River Wye, although in this season "the answer has been a lemon." There was too much water in the river when the spring run came up and sport has not been so good as usual. Sir Holburt Waring and Major Hamilton-Russell have taken a stretch of the river and Sir Brograve Beauchamp is with them. Sir Holburt Waring is using one of the little American steel rods; he is a former President of the London Medical Council. Major Hamilton-Russell is a brother of Lord Boyne and was formerly in the Royals, as is one of his nephews at the moment. Sir Brograve Beauchamp was in the Life Guards; he sits as Member for East Walthamstow in the Commons. The pictures are striking studies of the concentration of the true angler



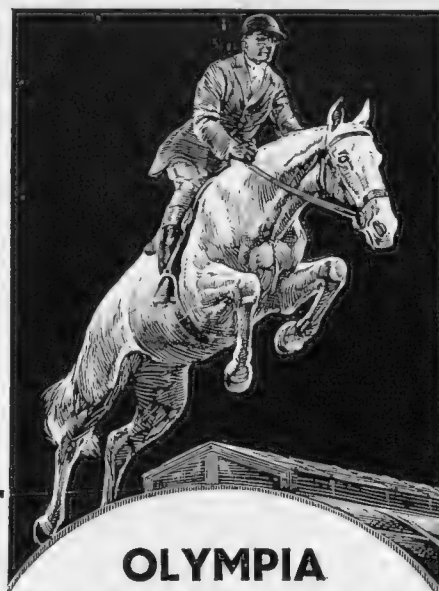
Among those present

It's a very small meeting really, but since her arrival it has somehow turned into quite an occasion. Owners tumble over each other to mark her card. A certain blandness tempers the bookies bellowings. Hunt servants salute her as they canter up to clear the course.

Slender, tall and perfectly at ease, she seems unconscious of this stir that she creates. But is she? Well, you can't cause effects like this without attention to the smallest detail, and she knows her world. Observe that the drink she asks for is usually gin and Rose's. She knows that Rose's Lime Juice keeps her clear-eyed and slender, and she knows too, how Rose's prevents any after-effects. It's just a detail, but she doesn't overlook it.

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"Nulli Secundus" might well be the motto of "Black & White," the Whisky of Royal Appointment.



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&
WHITE"**
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*The Coldstream
Guards*
FROM A DRAWING BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.



Gale & Polden

THE OFFICERS, THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS, AT BORDON

The Regiment has been expanded to two Battalions, and the picture was taken on the eve of the happy event at Bordon. The names, left to right, are : 2nd Lt. H. A. Jefferies (King's Colour (87th)), 2nd Lt. B. B. Gahan (Regimental Colour (87th)), 2nd Lt. H. H. Gough, 2nd Lt. H. C. P. Hamilton, Lt. A. J. Morris, 2nd Lt. W. A. L. Michell, 2nd Lt. D. E. Fitzgerald, 2nd Lt. J. H. Coldwell Horsfall, Lt. G. A. P. Findlater, Lt. J. F. H. W. R. Doyle, 2nd Lt. H. Rogers, 2nd Lt. W. P. Mead (King's Colour (89th)), 2nd Lt. W. B. P. Bradish (Regimental Colour (89th)), Capt. W. Q. Findlater, Capt. M. French, Capt. and Q.M. H. Lyne, Major A. A. J. Allen, Lt.-Col. M. J. W. O'Donovan, M.C., Lt. and Adj. J. A. Kaulback, Capt. J. L.G. Marjoribanks-Egerton, Capt. P. M. Marjoribanks-Egerton, Lt. F. W. B. M. Byrne. The Royal Irish Fusiliers were reduced to a one Battalion Regiment in 1922, and were expanded to a two Battalion Regiment again in April, 1937. The 1st Battalion is at Bordon, and the 2nd Battalion is now being raised at Aldershot. The officers shown in the photograph form the nucleus of both Battalions and the picture was taken quite recently

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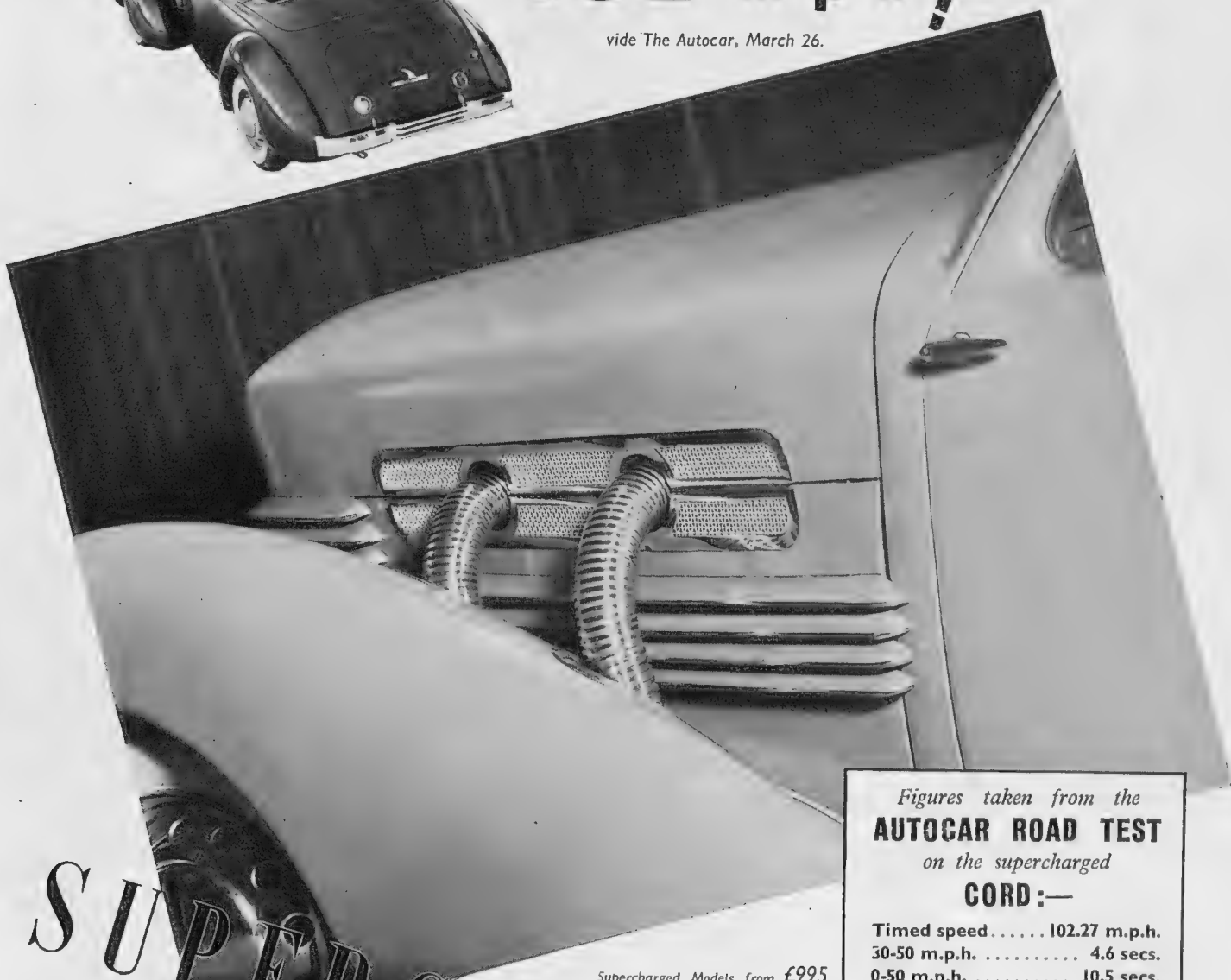


PARIS 1937



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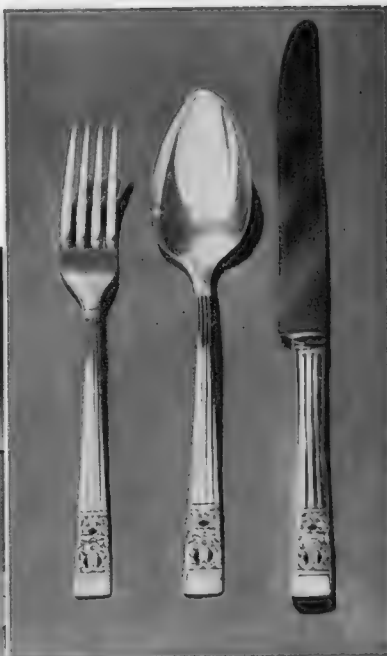
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The handsome canteen of "Hampton Court" Community Plate on the left would be an excellent wedding present. This design is shown in greater detail above; the pierced motif is typically Georgian, but the severe lines of the handles are entirely modern

Attractive Tableware.

Details are important to the experienced hostess, for she knows that every knife, fork and spoon plays an important part in her scheme of decoration. The four designs in which Community Plate is now available have been planned to harmonise perfectly with the elaborate curves of period furniture or the clear, simple lines of a modern room. An interesting new pattern, "Hampton Court," has recently been introduced. This is based by Community craftsmen on a design of Grinling Gibbons, the famous eighteenth-century artist whose work may be seen in the state rooms at Windsor and Hampton Court. Turning to technical details, Community Plate is heavily plated all over and reinforced with an extra deposit of pure silver at the points which become most worn; thus it keeps its appearance during many years of service. As a souvenir of the Coronation this firm have produced a jam spoon, for 1s. 6d., with a patriotic motif. Community Plate can be bought practically everywhere, but if there is any difficulty write to 264, Regent Street

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Naturally every woman wants to look her best on holiday but many think that sunshine and sea air are in themselves a beauty treatment. This is very far from the truth, since the salt atmosphere gives the skin a sticky surface to which dust and sand adhere, making the face, hands and legs rough and hard. To avoid this condition "Larola" should be lightly massaged into the skin both before and after exposure. If the forehead has become wrinkled in the hot sunlight moisten its surface with this lotion, place the fingers firmly on the skin and draw them in straight lines upwards and outwards towards the temple. When this has been done several times "Larola" should be patted well into the tissues. It is advisable to pack this preparation in your hand luggage, since it is very soothing to a dusty, smarting skin after a long day's travelling. Golf and tennis players should apply it lightly before the game to prevent their complexions becoming coarse and weatherbeaten. "Larola" can be obtained at chemists and stores, and a postcard to M. Beetham and Son, Cheltenham, will bring a booklet on the art of massage.

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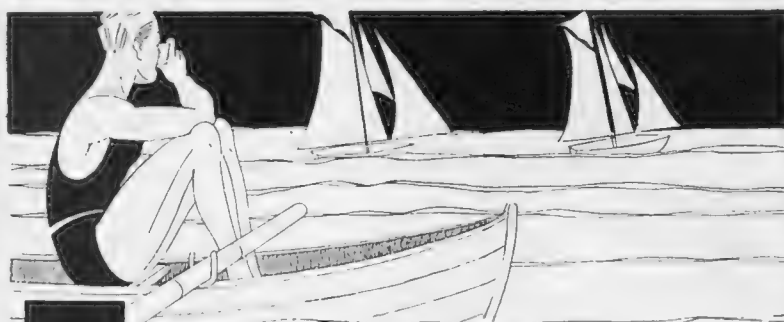
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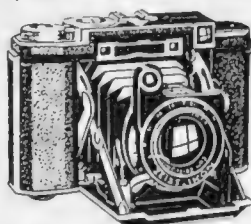
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OVERHEARD IN THE CLUB



JAMES Hello, George! You're looking fit. Where on earth have you been this last fortnight?

GEORGE Been down at the Grand Hotel, Torquay. Had plenty of golf, tennis, squash, good air . . . and good food.

JAMES The G-R-A-N-D, Torquay! But my dear fellow, the food there is so awful that I swore I'd never enter the confounded place again.

GEORGE When was it you took this eternal vow?

JAMES Oh, just after the war, I believe.

GEORGE You vindictive old devil? Do you realise that it is nearly 20 years since the ARMISTICE was signed, and I'd bet when you did go there you had a liver.

JAMES Well, I know you're a pretty good judge of decent cooking. I was thinking of going to Torquay for the International Yacht Regatta. The Grand is obviously the place to stay—right on the front and on the level. I'll write to them to-day, mentioning your name.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

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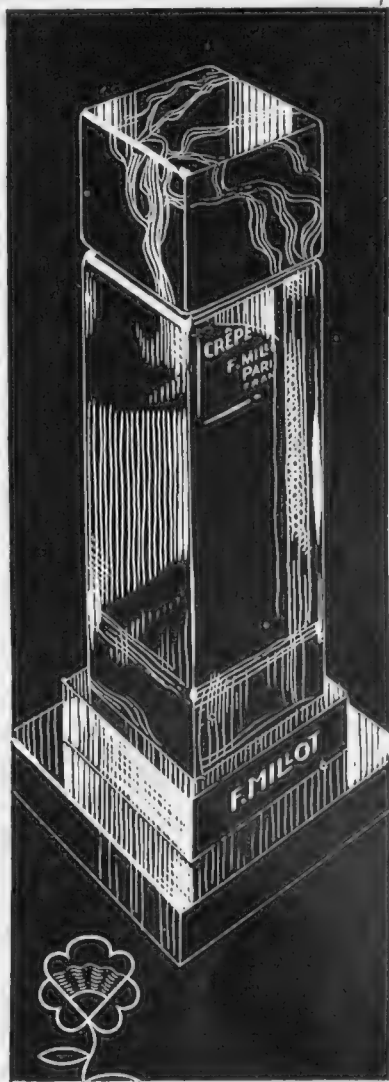
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. A little girl, aged eight, the youngest of a very poor working-class family, suffers with incurable heart trouble and for the past five years has had to be kept flat on her back. Her spinal chair is now useless and another is badly wanted so that the mother, who has nursed her so devotedly, can, for the two or three years more the child is expected to live, continue to take her out. Please send us something for this pathetic case.

Wonderful World, the Coronation Revue at the Victoria Palace which was planned to run for a month, has exceeded the expectations of its promoters and drawn very enthusiastic houses for six weeks.

It must now be withdrawn owing to artistes' outstanding contracts, and on Monday next, June 7, Kurt Robitschek will revert to variety with an entirely new programme, entitled *Laughter Parade*. In future the policy of the Victoria Palace will be an entirely new bill every week. Mr. Kurt Robitschek will specialise in bringing new talent to the notice of London. Hildegard, the famous radio star, will top the bill in *Laughter Parade*. Johnny Walsh and Jack Barker, an extremely popular American radio and cabaret couple, will make their first appearance in London.

Other stars on the bill are Charlie Forsyth, Addie Seamon and Eleanor Farrell, Dave and Joe O'Gorman, the Harris Twins and Loretta (American acrobatic dancers), Wences, a novelty ventriloquist, Paddy Drew, the cartoonist, the Three Hiltens (in novelty acrobatics), Keith Devon and Audrey Wayne (in a brand new comedy act), and Danny Grey, the comedy juggler.

Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge appear together again for the first time since *Falling for You* in *Take My Tip* at the Gaumont, Haymarket. In this fast-moving comedy Jack Hulbert plays the part of an extravagant nobleman

and Cicely Courtneidge that of his wife, a former musical comedy star. Hulbert, already nearly broke, completes his bankruptcy at the beginning of the picture by purchasing a non-existent oil well from a confidence trickster (Harold Huth). However, this expert eventually finds that he has been hoist with his own petard to the pecuniary advantage of Jack and Cicely. Apart from the two stars, Harold Huth and Frank Cellier, the cast also includes Frank Pettingell, Robb Wilton, H. F. Maltby and Elliot Makeham, while the principal song hits were written for the picture by the American composers Lerner, Goodhart and Hoffman. These include "Birdie out of a Cage" and "I was Anything but Sentimental."

Wings of the Morning, which continues its run at the New Gallery, has a certain topicality in so far that the climax of the picture is an exciting Derby in which Steve Donoghue rides. Annabella and Henry Fonda are the stars and they are supported by Leslie Banks. John McCormack, the famous tenor, sings several songs in the production. The picture is the first all technicolour feature to be made in this country, and the Derby scenes in colour are very striking. Also at the New Gallery is the one-hour picture of the Coronation procession and Abbey ceremony.

Lost Horizon continues for an eighth week in its record-breaking run at the Tivoli. Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton, Margo and H. B. Warner all appear in this Frank Capra production.

The Clipsham Quarry write to us to correct a statement about the stone from which the orb and pinnacles of Big Ben are made, and of which a picture appeared in the Coronation Number of this paper. The stone is Clipsham stone, which is a limestone and not a sandstone, and is regarded as one of the best weather-resisting stones procurable. It is used extensively by H.M. Office of Works, on Buckingham Palace, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Hampton Court and other public buildings.



THE FANE-BULKELEY WEDDING: GUESTS AT THE RECEPTION

Some of the guests at the wedding reception of Miss Charmian Fane and Mr. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley. In the picture are the Hon. Pamela Berry, Miss Gresselhuys and Lady Kemsley. The Hon. Pamela Berry is the daughter of Lord and Lady Kemsley



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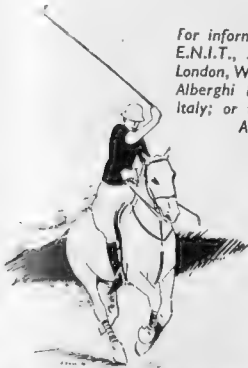
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Racing Ragout

(Continued from p. 470)

at which horses finish on this easy course always makes it thrilling. The Woodcote taught backers a sharp lesson not to bet over six furlongs on a horse whom they had seen run second over five furlongs in a race where "there was no second." The Caterham Stakes produced some very fast two-year-olds, but the inequality of the draw rather left one guessing after it was all over. Agincourt, the winner, is a nice horse and a well-bred one, but he had a great advantage in the draw. Portway Lane, out of that fast mare Miss Majority, might not have beaten Tamasha at levels, and probably she would beat both of them at levels on a fair track.

The best thing I saw at the meeting was Harry Wragg's perfectly timed finish on the non-staying Tract to win as he passed the post and be beaten the next stride.

Argentinita, the graceful young dancer, is to give four special performances of her Spanish and South American dances at the Aldwych Theatre on dates so planned as not to interfere with the current successful run of *Jane Eyre*, now approaching its 300th performance. The dates will be as follows: June 14, evening; June 18, matinée; June 21, evening; June 25, matinée.

At each recital she will present dances from all parts of Spain and Latin America and will be



MR. ARTHUR RANSOME AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

Dr. Temple and the well-known author on Scarborough's famous promenade with an ideal June setting of sea and sky

assisted by a woman dancer, Pilar Lopez, by a man gipsy dancer, Antonia de Triana, with Miguel Elosegui at the piano, and a guitarist.

The Tewkesbury Abbey Appeal Committee have published the programme of the Tewkesbury Festival for 1937. This will take place from July 18 to 24, and the plays to be produced are *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Virgin and the Clerk*. Plays were performed in Tewkesbury Abbey during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the Churchwardens' accounts of that time contain frequent entries relating to the hire of "players apparel," such as:

Item. iij Caps of green sylke;
Item. viij Heades of heare for the apostles and x beardes;

Item. A face or vysor for the devyll.

More than 300 years later, the committee are faced with the task of raising £25,000, which is needed for repairs to the eastern chapels and the tower, and the same ancient method is adopted.

Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously promised to be present at the Children's Garden Party to be held on Saturday next, June 12, at Lambeth Palace, by kind permission of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Garden Party is for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, of which Queen Mary is Patron, and the price of admission is 5s.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

<p>AUSTRIA Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-ren'd. hotel of Austrian Alps. 80 miles fr. Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up. Hotel Erzherzog Johann.—Of historic fame, sit. on Semmering Pass & centre of sports. Mod. comfts. Pens. 10/- up. Same manage. as Grand Panhans.</p> <p>BELGIUM Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Adt.: Palace, Knocke. Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.</p>	<p>GERMANY—continued. Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate. Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM. 11-up. Personal management: H. A. Rössler. Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9. Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages. Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situating directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9. Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up to date; exceptional position by park. 20 yards from baths.</p>	<p>GERMANY—continued. Frankfurt-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive Grill-room. Bar. Frankfurt (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rooms fr. M. 5. Garage & pumps on premises. Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms. Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms. Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbiel.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine. Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM. 5. Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.</p>	<p>GERMANY—continued. Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—1st-class hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath establishment. Pension from RM. 10. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 11. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons).—Select home of Society. Best postn. opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12. Wiesbaden.—Victoria Hotel.—First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, garage Pension from 8 Marks.</p>
<p>CZECHOSLOVAKIA Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.</p> <p>FRANCE Antibes.—Hotel Du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc Winter and Summer Residence. Cap-Martin.—Cap-Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Tennis, swim, pool, 15 ac. priv. pk. Incl. fr. 70 Frs., w. bath fr. 85 Frs. Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive fr. 65 Frs. With bath fr. 80 Frs. Open all year. Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st cl., up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all the year. Inclusive fr. 50 Frs., with bath fr. 65 Frs. Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate. Le Touquet, P. de C.—Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October. Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.</p>	<p>Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937. Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—1st-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opp. Baths & Springs. Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bath. Pension from RM. 11. Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10. Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl.—Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50. Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. RM. 4., lav. & toil. rm. RM. 6, pr. bath fr. RM. 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr. Cologne.—Excelsior Hotel Ernst.—The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.</p>	<p>Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.). Sit. on the Black Fst. 160 beds. All m. cft. Pens. fr. RM. 7 to RM. 9. Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com. Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage. Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube. Munich.—Hotel "Der Königsplatz" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New garage in hotel. Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates. Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated at entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.</p>	<p>ITALY Stresa.—Lake Maggiore, Regina Palace Hotel.—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.</p> <p>SWITZERLAND Guntten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full sth. on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Ten. Golf. Pens. fr. 11.50 up. Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best first-class hotel. Inclusive terms 10/-. Garden. Garage. Lausanne.—Victoria Hotel.—(First-class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention. Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing Lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13. Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class English house. Finest situation on lake. Open-air rest. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar. Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention. Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled sit., directly on lake-front, quiet—yet central. Write for new brochure and map "E."</p>
<p>GERMANY Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue".—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus. Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel. Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14. Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards. Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opposite Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.</p>	<p>Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director Otto Holl. Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant. Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading hotel. Unique pos. on river. Garden-park. Terraces. Redcd. rates. Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider. Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station. Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms. 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants. Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B. fr. 9. Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.</p>	<p>Saarl.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing, incl. terms fr. Mk. 6. Catalogues. Sasbachwalden, Black Forest.—Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house designed for the few—priv. swim. pl. R.A.C., N.T.C. htl. Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing main station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany. Triburg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First-class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand. Walchensee.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful Lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World rnd. Finest position opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Socy. Pens. fr. 12 Mk.</p>	<p>Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fac. lake. Mod. Comfort. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk. Gar. Bch. Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf. Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge. gar., swim., tennis, mountaineering, all incl. rates from 15/-. Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau District. Inclusive terms from Frs. 14.50. F. Bortler, Propr.</p>
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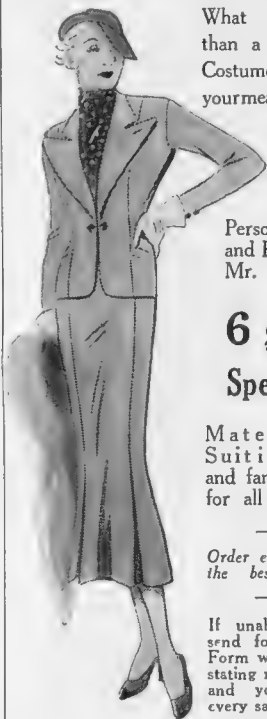
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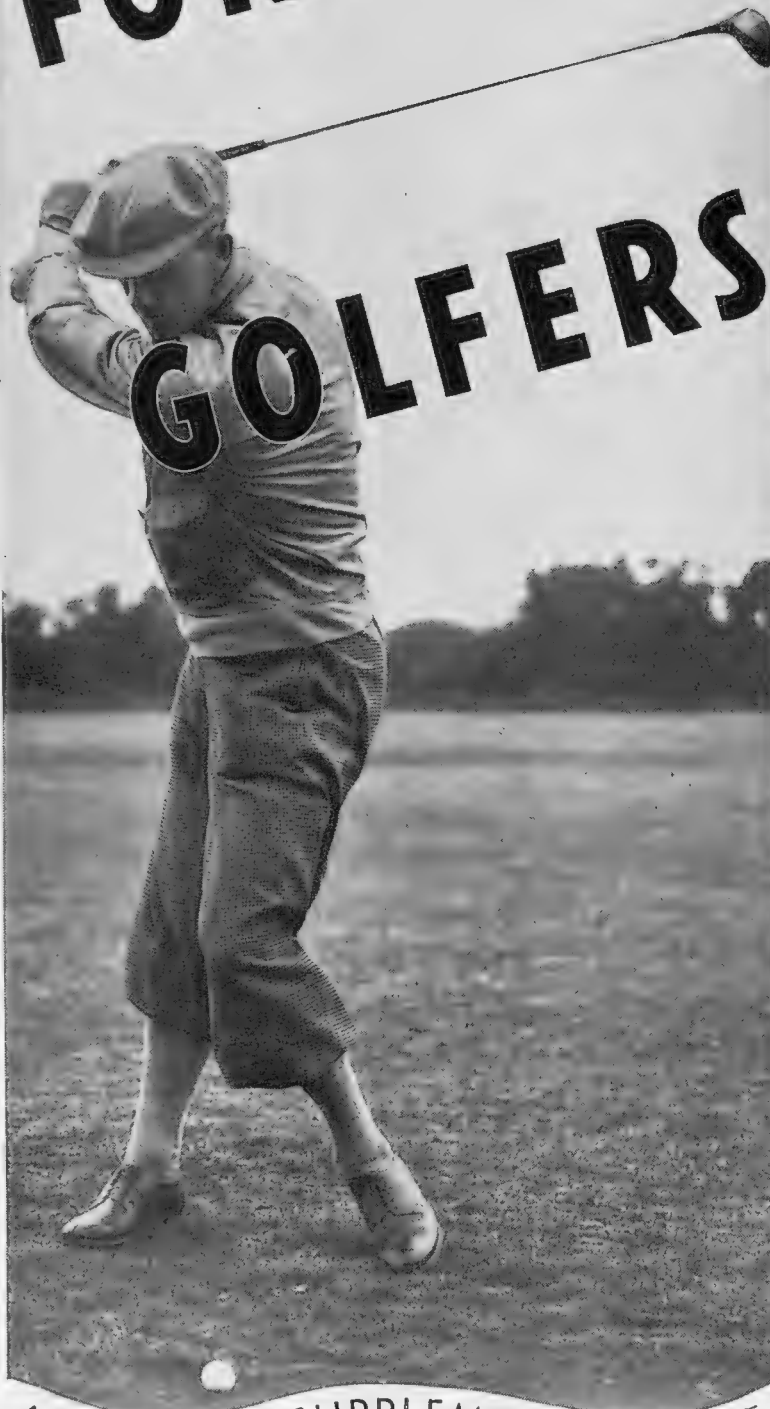
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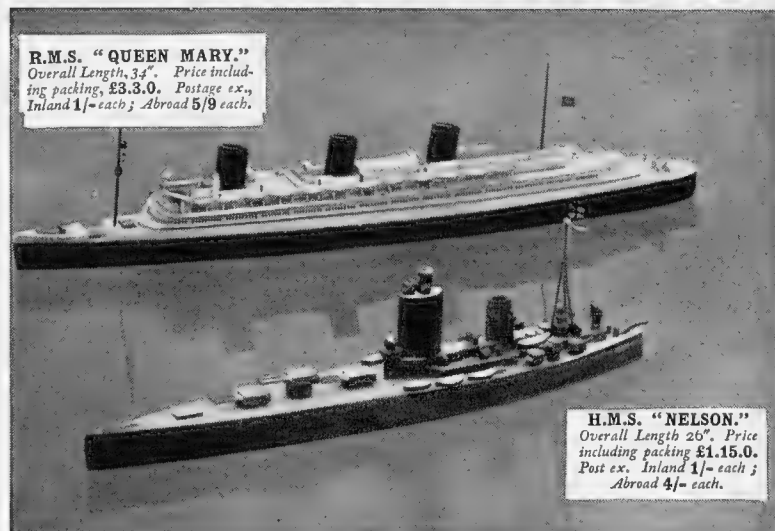
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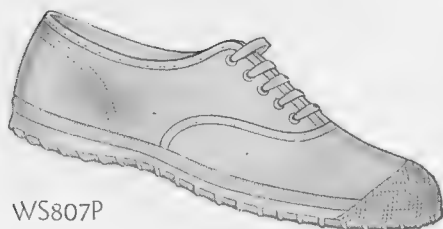
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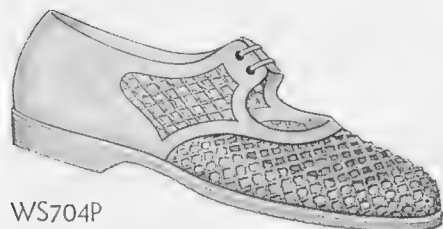
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An all-white network shoe with composition rubber sole. Extremely cool and made on a natural form last **13/6**



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Women's **7/6**
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D25

D19

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D25 A well-tailored TENNIS DRESS of White Pique with cleverly shaped skirt. Available only in S.W., W., F.W. sizes.

18/6

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59/6

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14/9

Also VEST . . . **12/11**
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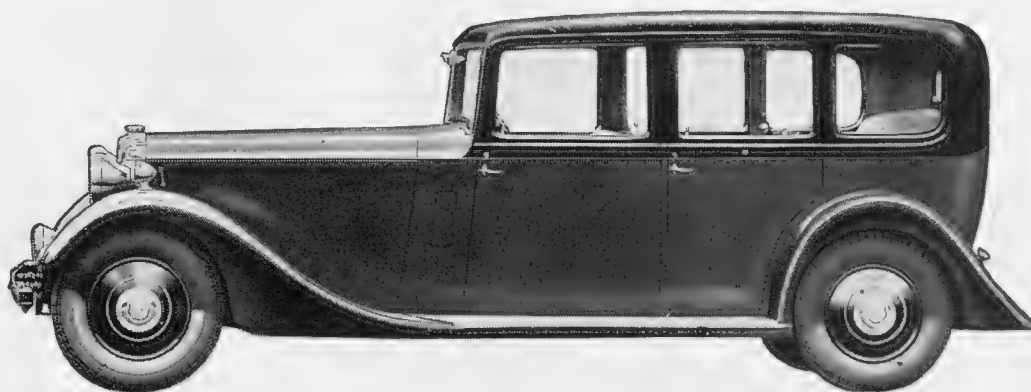
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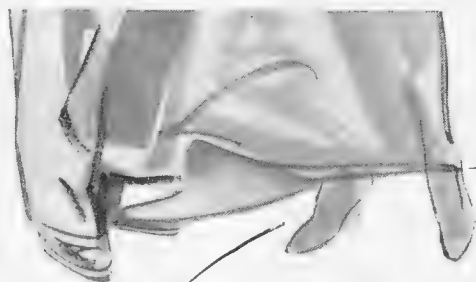
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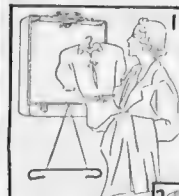
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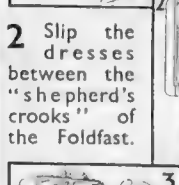


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12 DRESSES FOLDED AND PACKED IN 3 MINUTES



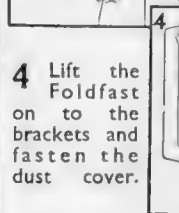
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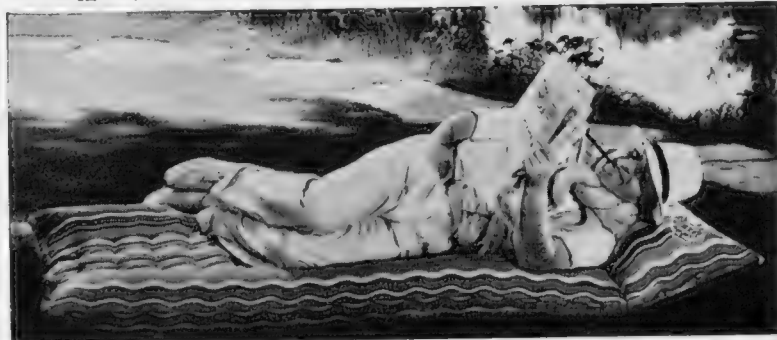
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Here's the precious bottle. 12/6 and it makes 7 pints.

The long drink with a click in it

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WITH DAILY

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'Duggie' explains -

Only "Pinprickers" could Back Such Horses!

- Sir Edward: "By Jove, wonderful price the Tote paid over 'Jacko' yesterday. 100/1."
- Duggie: "Very good odds, Sir Edward, do you know anybody who backed it?"
- Sir Edward: "Rather, Lady Angela had a fiver on it with your firm at Tote prices."
- Duggie: "Then, better still, with the 5% bonus, she'll get 105/1. May I ask how Lady Angela came to back 'Jacko,' its chances on the book seemed hopeless?"
- Sir Edward: "No doubt you're right; as a matter of fact she closed her eyes and jabbed a pin into her morning paper."
- Duggie: "I rather expected something like that. With the utmost respect to Lady Angela, it is only 'pin jabbers' who would back a forlorn hope like 'Jacko.'"
- Sir Edward: "Of course, I realise no sensible backer would 'pinprick.' I suppose it's only a straggling punter here or there who would select such a horse."
- Duggie: "Quite true, but it's totally different when it comes to well-backed horses. Take the case of 'Marmaduke Jinks,' winner of the Lincoln, Starting Price 33/1, Tote odds about 18/1."
- Sir Edward: "By Jove, with a popular horse like that, thousands of backers must have been disappointed."
- Duggie: "Yes, Sir Edward, that's the usual story of Tote odds. When a 'remote' chance with no form wins, only a handful of people benefit by the long odds, but every time a form horse wins (which happens so frequently) and the Tote odds are less than S.P., thousands of backers all over the country are disappointed."
- Sir Edward: "And, in any case, you give them 5% over Tote odds for wins."
- Duggie: "Correct, Sir Edward, and don't forget I also give 25% over Tote odds for places."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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